

Title: **When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 03, 2009, 06:01:22 pm**

The current story can be found here:

When the Carp Cry (<http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=36678.135>)

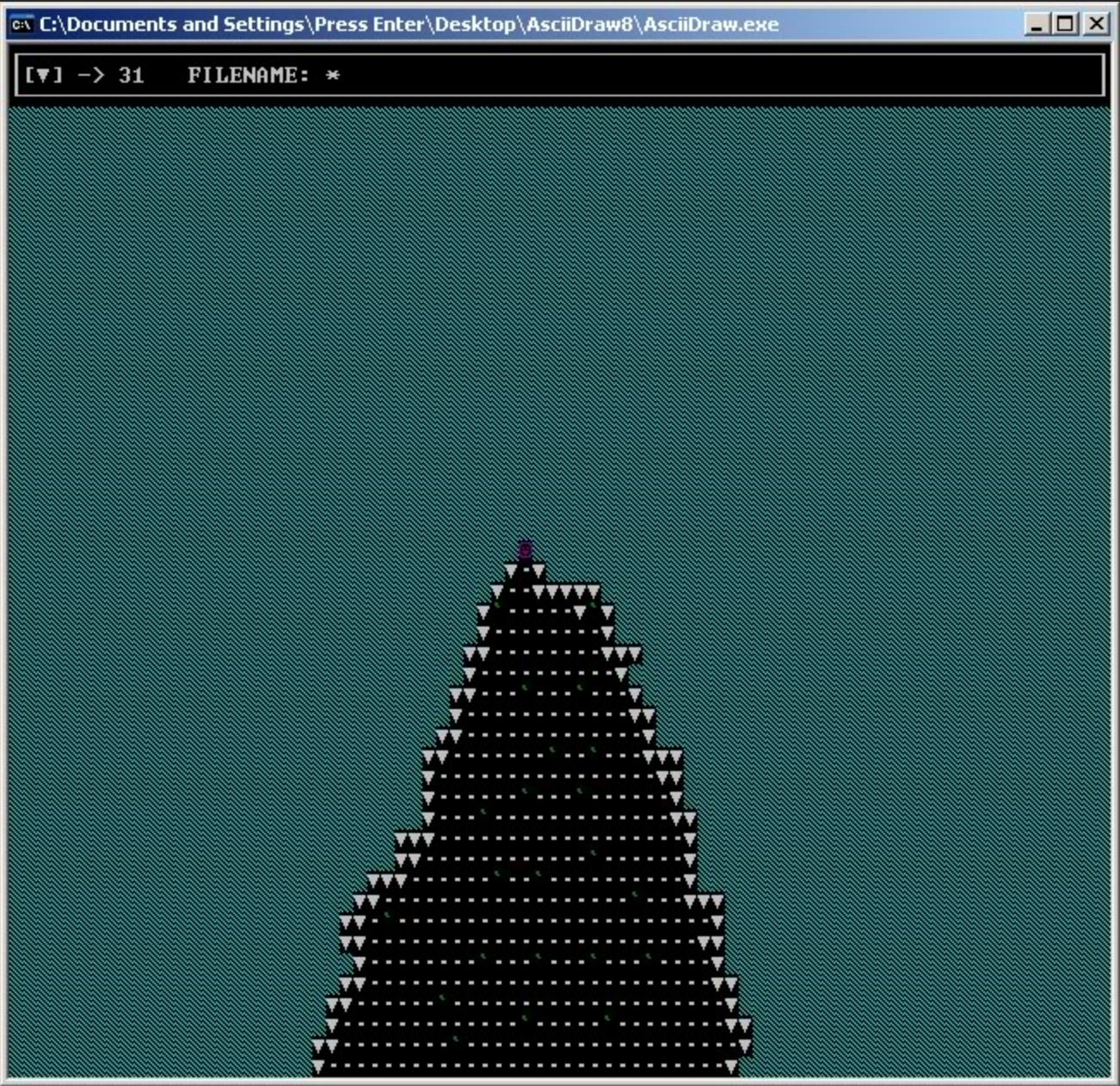
Click on the link and ignore the below.

After deciding that I'm too impatient to actually play a full community game of Dwarf Fortress, I remembered the awesome works put up by JackRabbit, Iiutem, and MetalMillita, the ones that used entirely ASCIIDraw to tell their tales. ASCIIDraw, I have some experience with already, and it seems a much easier medium to work with than Dwarf Fortress itself. It sounds heinous, I know, but I don't have the necessary patience to play out a full game of Dwarf Fortress. Thus, I have decided to do this:

This will be a mystery/action adventure/war tale made using ASCIIDraw, with inspiration from the anime When the Cicadas Cry (or Higurashi no Naku Koro Ni). I apologize for bad quality pictures, I'm not exactly the best with ASCIIDraws interface. I also apologize for cliches or the fact that this has been done by others before, but I think that unlike most things I've started before, I might actually not abandon this. (To the players of my RTD, it seems as if I'm still going strong with that one. Time will tell). And so I present...

When The Dwarves Cry : Episode 0 ; Before

"Cue anime theme music:" Higurashi OP 1 (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aKVCx9a6Ihk>)

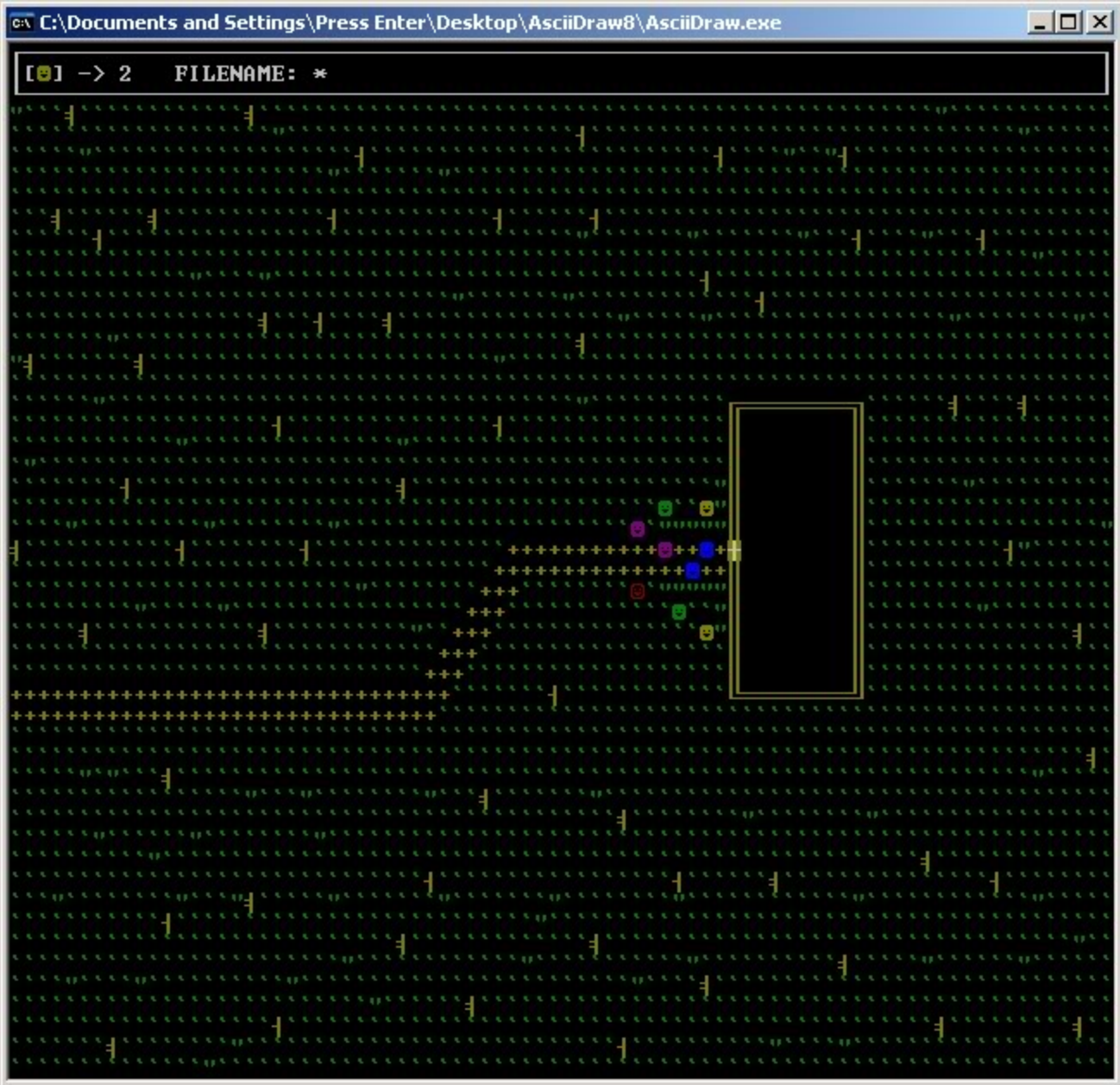


The *thing* stood on the edge of the cliff, looking out from his vantage on top of the world to the lands below. High winds rustled through the mountain top, sending cold chills through his body. But he was unmoved. Instead, he scanned his surroundings, idly, as if bored. The mountain was bare, only a few hardy grasses and weeds able to brave the rocky soil and billowing winds. A gust of wind whipped across his face, leaving it a pinkish red. He scowled, annoyed, and drew his fur closer to himself, then returned to his gazing beyond the cliff, into the abyss.

The view, considered the best in the whole empire, moved him little. He watched the minute figures scuttle about on the ground like ants, happily oblivious to just how large the world was. *Fools!* How sickening it was to be amongst them, to listen to their mindless banter, to force himself to stomach their disgusting faces, filled with hope, optimism, and lord-knows what else. And yet... it touched him, in a vague sort of way. He knew the thought was weak, for those who seek comfort, not power, who's ambitions ranged to nothing more than feeding themselves and their families. But he could not suppress it. But even as the thought nagged at him, he knew the time was coming soon where he would have to dismiss it for good.

"And the time is soon..." He mused to himself. The world as they knew it would change, so very soon, a mere blink for Mother Nature herself. He looked one last time upon the valley, the very one that holds... no, *held* his people.

He also took this time to examine himself. Short and stocky, barely standing above a Kobold in stature, his beard, long and unkempt, covered the vast majority of his face. Well kept bears were a sign of beauty and health amongst his people, and letting his beard go as wild as his had was a sure sign of madness. But to him, it just signified how far gone he was, from his people, from the world itself. He had little time. Rousing himself, he coldly turned his back to his homeland, perhaps for the last time...



"You sure this is the house?" The pikeman prodded at the ground beneath his feet, metal blade making a distinct, thudding noise on the wooden path. Before them stood a good sized log cabin, the type of house that a man of his upbringing would neither want, nor could afford. The dwarf grimaced, the sun beat mercilessly down upon his head, making him feel a vague nausea in the pit of his stomach. He would have loved to go into the burrows and have a nice ale, but he had a job, unfortunately, and he had already taken his break last month.

The child nodded. He was small and wiry, unusual traits for a dwarf, but his eyes possessed a keen glint that hinted at an awareness and intelligence potentially rivaling that of his much older fellows. He was of great interest to the courts, and it was hoped that he could grow to an advisory position, perhaps in the King's throne, as an adult.

"Right." The pikeman grunted and gestured at the door. "Lets take it down." His fellows stowed their hammers, pikes, or whatever, and proceeded to take turns, bashing at the door with their elbows, the door shaking with each blow.

While his companions were heaving and grunting and hurling themselves at the door, the leader took this time to examine his surroundings. The path was neat and tidy, the shrubs lining the path were in order. And yet, something seemed amiss, but he couldn't put his finger on it... As he walked around the house, he took the time to admire the supple wood that the trees had, noting the fine beds that could be made with such wood... but it seemed strange that the trees had never been harvested, despite their proximity to the Empire's domains...

The trees. It suddenly dawned upon the dwarf what was wrong with the scenery. The trees did not grow near the house. Now, trees were all but gone in the lands near the Empire's fortresses and outposts, but they always left some sign... a sapling or stump, so that the forests could grow for more harvesting. But here... they were gone. The pikeman scratched at his beard, wondering at the faintly disturbing fact, until a resounding crash came from the houses front, followed by shouts of success.

They were in.

They filed in in single file, the child and the leader taking up the rear. As he entered, he felt a keen disappointment. There was plenty of wooden furniture, a large table and some chairs. But there were no bodies, there was no blood. Just an empty house.

"But... I'm positive that I last saw my friend in here..." The child seemed stupefied. The pikeman ordered his men to spread out and search the rest of the house. He and the child went into the adjacent kitchen. There was one of those new gadgets, the tinderbox that brought up a flame to heat food, and an ice tray on which things were keep cool until eating. But again, no bodies. The child sighed, and in his head, the pikeman sighed as well.



"Looks like we came this way for nothing."

He turned to take the child and go back into the main hall and reunite with his men. That's when he heard the door shut.

That's it. Go ahead and request characters if you want, I'll incorporate them. Hope you liked it, and their's more coming soon.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : [Story]**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 04, 2009, 06:02:02 am**

No one? Do I fail that much?

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : [Story]**
Post by: **filiusenox** on **June 04, 2009, 09:53:53 am**

I guess give me the kid if he doesnt die.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : [Story]**
Post by: **Labs** on **June 04, 2009, 11:54:27 am**

Ill take a swordsman.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : [Story]**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 04, 2009, 03:26:20 pm**

Quote from: Labs on June 04, 2009, 11:54:27 am
Ill take a swordsman.

Uh... there were no swordsmen... oh well, I can always turn one of the pikemen into a swordsman if you want.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Labs** on **June 04, 2009, 04:02:24 pm**

Naww, I'll take a pike. I'm not picky.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **June 04, 2009, 05:41:23 pm**

Axeman! Me take axeman! I'm liking the story so far.
Also, yay I started a trend!

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 04, 2009, 05:49:36 pm**

Well too bad, I already put the sword in my pictures:
And yes you did:

The door to the bathroom was sealed. And he had a man in there. There were shouts, his men tries to pry the door off its hinges, to no avail. The chaos was significant, the child; Filiesenox, or "Fil", had been herded to the rear of the group, watched over by two of his men, one with an axe, and one with a hammer. The others continued to wildly strike at the door, all semblance of stealth having been lost. As

his swordarm, "Labs", hacked at the door, the leader noted, with some worry, that the man trapped within had not spoken since the door had been sealed...

He watched as the door shattered open, a strong blow from Labs successfully splitting the door down the middle with a resounding *crack*. They set to work on the splintered remains, and within moments, had a small opening into the bathroom. When they sureveyed the interior, they saw a small toilet, sink, and a shower installed into a corner. But no soul breathed inside the room itself.

One brave soul, Jack "Rabbit", an axeman, steadily stalked into the room, keeping axe aloft in case of traps. The others kept their hands on their weapons, tensed and ready for attack. The axeman made it past the sink. But still nothing.



Looks like we got nothing here... Jack hefted his axe and brought it lightly down onto the toilet. The porcealan was chipped, slightly worn with age, and yet the machine looked like it was rarely used. The axe struck, and a strange noise resounded. It sounded vaguely... *hollow*. *Hollow!*

"The toilet!" The leader jumped with recognition. "It's in the toilet!" His men stared at him, looks of derision playing heavily on their faces. But he knew he was correct. "Go on, open the toilet lid!" He gestured impatiently at Jack, who proceeded to gingerly lift the lid. The leader held his breath, the vauge creaking of the rusted seat echoing as the toilet seat rose. He stepped forward. "Well?" Jack shook his head, scrutinizing the interior of the toilet as one would a digusting bug that had crossed ones path. The leader let his breath go, sighing as he scratched at his beard. "Nothing?"

"Not from what I can tell... its dark... kinda deep..." Jack prodded at the toilet bowl with his axe. The leader was about to order another search of the shower, perhaps the idiot had locked himself in there. But then, a crash rang through the room. Shouts came, both the leader and Labs, who had been in the doorway of the bathroom, threw themselves back. Coughing on a thick, choking dust that hung in the air, everyone crowded into the bathroom, staring with awe at what they saw.

The toilet was gone, replaced by a gaping hole in the wall, exposing a few wooden pipes that hung in crooked angles from out of the gaps that the toilet had left. Water silently dropped out of the pipes, where they fell into the hole and could not be heard. And for the hole itself, it was impossible to see the bottom. Only the vauge glint of what they could assume was the axe of the unfortunate dwarf that had been standing there but moments ago. Labs shouted into the abyss;

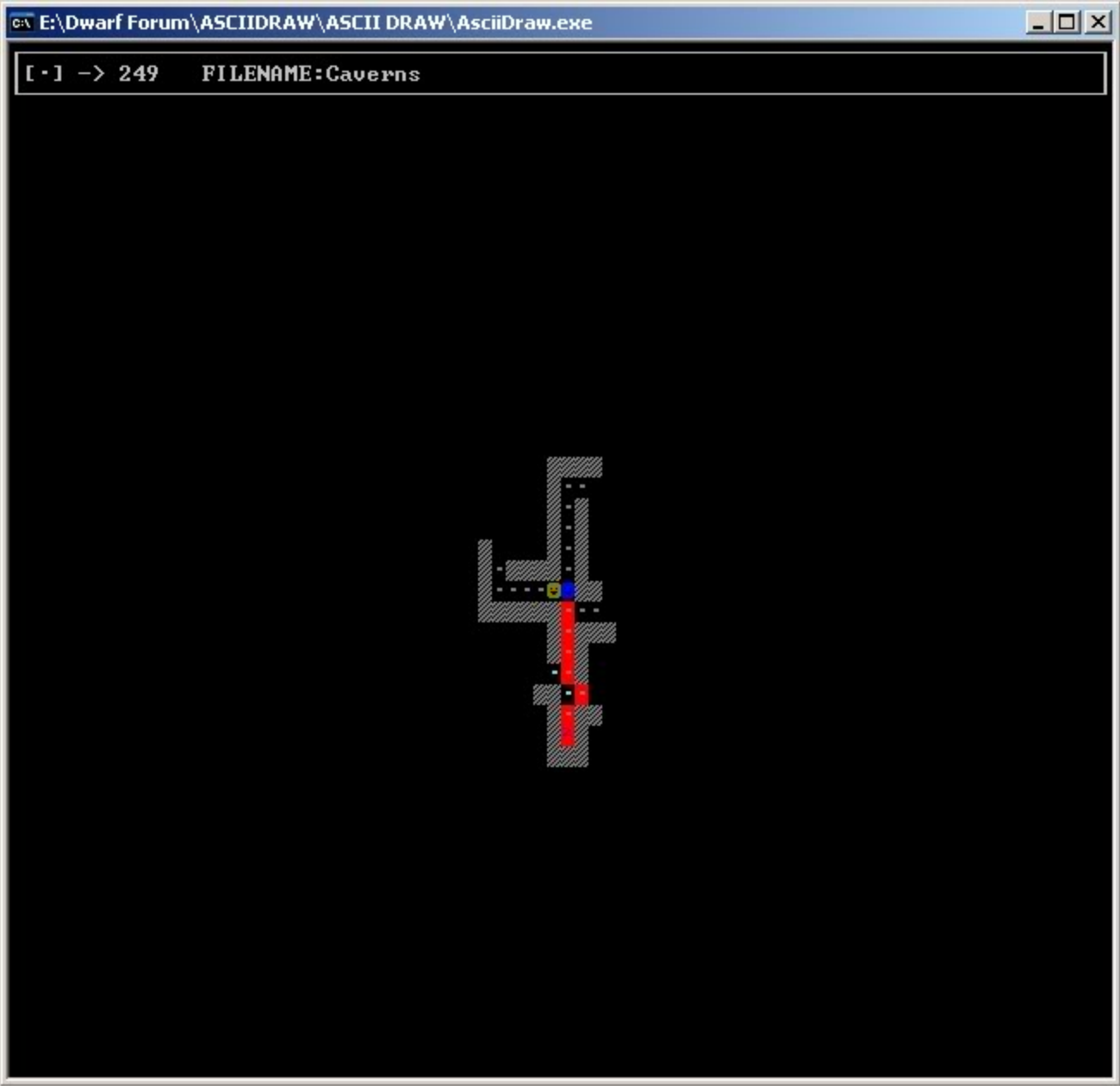
"You ok? Where are you?" Nothing responded. Only the silent water, forming and swelling at the pipes edge before falling into the abyss, moved. The leader realized that he was holding his breath. But to his immense relief, after an extremely long pause, Jack responded.

"Yeah... yeah..." His men exchanegd looks of relief, and "Fil" seemed to lose a whole bodies worth of weight. The leader ran tired fingers through his beard. It had been a long day. Gesturing to Labs, he pulled from his pack a legnth of rope. Labs nodded and firmly grasped the rope. Taking hand of the rope, the leader slowly rappeled downward, into the dank hole. As he slowly passed downward, he disturbed several cobwebs that were in his path. He shuddered in disgust, he hated spiders. Grimancing, he kicked away the last few webs and slid to the ground, where the unfortunate Jack sat on top of the rubble of the now destroyed toilet, silently rubbing at his head and cursing under his breath.

"By Armok... that was..." He trailed off. The leader walked over to him and offered a hand to pull him up, gingerly brushing off cobwebs in the process. The air was thick with them. For his part, Jack remained still, mouth opening and closing uselessly, like a fish out of water. He was pointing at something, and it seemed to have utterly rendered him speechless. The leader turned around.

"Gods..." A trail of blood. Splatters, smears, leading up to the oppisite wall. And lying in a pool of blood...

A hand. A dwarfs hand.



MAOR COMING UP!

This takes much longer than I thought, I'm still not done with the Intro Episode. But keep reading anyways!

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **filiusenox** on **June 04, 2009, 06:48:08 pm**

can i have my charachter shout: "let me out of here its the gloamglozer let me out!!!"

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **June 04, 2009, 06:49:47 pm**

Blimey if that wasn't a quick update.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Labs** on **June 04, 2009, 07:53:37 pm**

I like. Moar! Moar!

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **TheNewerMartianEmperor** on **June 05, 2009, 12:57:50 am**

Great so far.

I'll take a dwarf!: Youngbeard the crazed

Profession: Hammerdwarf

Really crazy guy, in his periods of lucidity he's rather nice though.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **June 05, 2009, 01:00:16 am**

Youngbeard? I'm sensing a pattern here.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **TheNewerMartianEmperor** on **June 05, 2009, 01:07:14 am**

Don't worry, if he's related to Oldbeard, then it's by enough generations to ensure that he has almost no genetic relation to him. ;)

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **June 05, 2009, 02:09:12 am**

Will you be introducing Midlifecrisisbeard at any point?

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **TheNewerMartianEmperor** on **June 05, 2009, 02:18:48 am**

No, due to a tragic accident involving a boat, several large saw blades and a brief period of dabbling in alchemy, he is no longer with us.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **June 05, 2009, 02:32:03 am**

Thank God.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 05, 2009, 06:11:25 am**

First: Huh?

Second:Thanks for all of the reveiws guys! I'm trying to get this up quickly as I can, daily updates are my goal (though between my RTD, this, and my anime watching, I'm beginning to lose my life, so I think I'll have to cut down on update numbers for both)

Third:What gloamglozer? What?

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **June 05, 2009, 06:24:29 am**

Oh, I'm my ascii story, TNME has a character called 'Oldbeard' an he's great fun to write about.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **TheNewerMartianEmperor** on **June 05, 2009, 06:52:29 am**

He's proably the Oldest living thing on the face of the planet and invented the 'Pacemaker' a dwarvern weapon of mass doom.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Keita** on **June 05, 2009, 07:00:18 am**

it would of been good to see someone like old beard in boatmurdered

can I have one of the marksdwarves
Khain
silent type, tired of the same old alcohol and is on a never ending quest to find more types of alcohol

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **TheNewerMartianEmperor** on **June 05, 2009, 07:03:10 am**

He visited it when it was still not entirely destroyed he did. Or so he claims.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 05, 2009, 07:47:55 am**

Probably should have asked this earlier, but...

When making your character, could you tell me weither or not you're willing to die? And to those who already posted a character, could you go ahead and do the same?

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **June 05, 2009, 08:03:52 am**

I'm absolutely willing to die in a horrific, disgusting. vomit inducing manner.

I just watched Bad Taste, you see.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 05, 2009, 08:05:09 am**

Quote from: Jackrabbit on June 05, 2009, 08:03:52 am

I'm absolutely willing to die in a horrific, disgusting. vomit inducing manner.

I just watched Bad Taste, you see.

If you've ever watched Higurashi, you know your death will be violent, gut-wrenching, and horrible.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **TheNewerMartianEmperor** on **June 05, 2009, 08:08:37 am**

Youngbeard the crazed is willing to die, but only if he still lives. (the name is rather appropriate, you see)

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 05, 2009, 08:10:00 am**

Fine. I have special plans for you in that case...

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **June 05, 2009, 08:15:28 am**

Quote from: Katsuun on June 05, 2009, 08:05:09 am

Quote from: Jackrabbit on June 05, 2009, 08:03:52 am

I'm absolutely willing to die in a horrific, disgusting. vomit inducing manner.

I just watched Bad Taste, you see.

If you've ever watched Higurashi, you know your death will be violent, gut-wrenching, and horrible.

Never watched it. Just make it quick, will you? But still gut wrenching and all that.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Keita** on **June 05, 2009, 10:58:14 am**

Quote from: Katsuun on June 05, 2009, 08:05:09 am

Quote from: Jackrabbit on June 05, 2009, 08:03:52 am

I'm absolutely willing to die in a horrific, disgusting. vomit inducing manner.

I just watched Bad Taste, you see.

If you've ever watched Higurashi, you know your death will be violent, gut-wrenching, and horrible.

it's shows like Higurashi that make me want to live in Japan

yer I guess he can die in some comical fashion

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Labs** on **June 05, 2009, 11:52:13 am**

Labs is willing to die for his comrades.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 05, 2009, 02:26:24 pm**

Everyone else? I need to know, because from here on out there shall be BLOOD.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **filiusenoX** on **June 05, 2009, 04:54:32 pm**

dont kill the kid the kid never dies in the first chapter...
its a thing from the british book the Edge chronchiles.Its the last living air demon.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 06, 2009, 07:08:27 am**

Looks like I've run into a problem here. My ASCII Draw saved files are acting weirdly, for some reason, I cant select ASCII Draw as the program used to open them, which is strange. Could someone tell me how they saved and opened files in ASCII Draw?

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **June 06, 2009, 07:09:56 am**

I just dragged the file onto ascii draw and it opens them.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 06, 2009, 07:13:49 am**

Quote from: Jackrabbit on June 06, 2009, 07:09:56 am

I just dragged the file onto ascii draw and it opens them.

IT WORKS. YOU ARE A GENIUS.

Thanks though, now I can continue.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **June 06, 2009, 07:16:27 am**

Bask in my glory! I have an enormous ego problem you know, you don't want to go feeding it. Why do you think I started my saga?
Although it was mostly as a creative outlet. But the ego feeding is a big part too.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Keita** on **June 06, 2009, 07:30:36 am**

oh by the way thanks for the mention katsuun

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 06, 2009, 07:51:37 am**

Quote from: filiusenox on June 05, 2009, 04:54:32 pm

dont kill the kid the kid never dies in the first chapter...
its a thing from the british book the Edge chronchiles.Its the last living air demon.

Looks like your the only one then. Right, lets go.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 06, 2009, 09:17:14 am**

GORY PART BEGINS NAOW:

Everyone else, one by one, rappelled down the rope, which had been attached to the sink, to view the grisly sight. The hand was slightly curled, as if to make a fist, and you could still see the apparent strain of the long dead muscles trying to contract. "Youngbeard", the one remaining man armed with a hammer, prodded the hand with his hammer, a blank expression on his face. He turned the hand over. There was nothing on the ground, but they were able to see that the blood trail continued into a winding tunnel to their left. Labs grimaced as he stared down the path.

"Guy must have been hurt pretty badly to leave this much blood on the floors..." The leader nodded, and gestured for the others to follow. Labs started off down the tunnel, followed by Jack and his nameless fellow axedwarf. The leader followed, waiting for Khain, who was helping "Fil" get down the rope. The child landed, rather heavily, on Khain, who stood and brushed himself off, before pulling the child down the corridor. His nameless peer with his own crossbow remained behind to ensure that the rope remained untouched... but no one seemed to pay attention to him at the time...

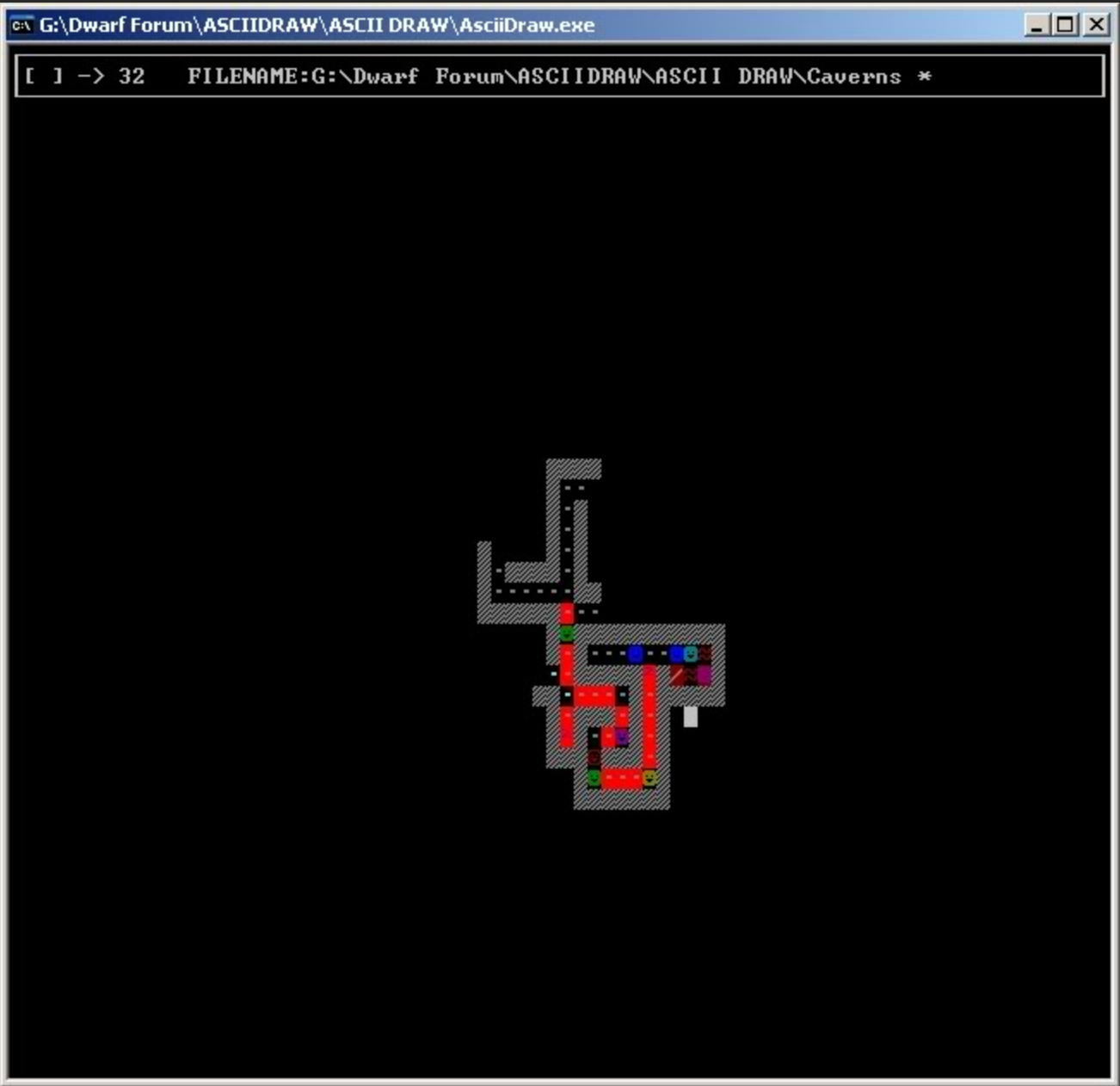
They turned several twists, following the still wide blood trail down the rough tunnel. As the passed, "Fil", who was much more intelligent than the various armed men about him, curiously looked over the walls. He noted that the walls were chipped, cracked, and the overall quality was poor. This was a strange thing, he noted, for even when digging through rock, Dwarves were known for their skill with mining. It was rare, even amongst novice Dwarven miners, to leave walls as rough as those of the cavern. But at the same time, the cavern

couldn't have been natural, because the tunnels were far to straight for their formation to have been natural. It was almost as if something else had made the caverns...

While "Fil" mused, shouts came from up ahead. The blood trail had steadily been narrowing as they had passed through the corridor, and now, it stopped altogether, culminating in a pool of blood that surrounded what they could only assume was their former comrades second hand, it was so torn, they couldn't tell what exactly it was, just that it had once been part of a living, breathing Dwarf. Jack prodded at it with his axe, and grimaced.

"Its still bleeding, look..." Indeed, blood was still leaking from the mass of flesh. Labs nodded.

"Then it was only cut off recently... he must be close." The leader nodded and they rounded the corner, past the hand... and they found him.



In a pool of congealing blood, with his hammer, practically coated in blood, propped up against the wall. He himself was neatly tucked up against the opposite corner, so neatly, that he could have been a doll in some little girl's collection, stowed on a shelf and left to gather dust. If it weren't for the fact that he lacked a head. And his hands. And his intestines. The mutilated corpse was indeed quite neat. It seemed as if he had been cleaned upon dying, like a fish. But that didn't change the fact that he was dead.

"We found him... and it doesn't look like he'll come out with us..." Jack shouted down the tunnels. The leader looked down, silently mourning the loss of a comrade. Then, with a sudden burst of energy, he raised his head, a fire growing in his eyes.

"We'll make who ever did this wish they had never done so!" He shouted, his voice echoing through the tunnels. His men shouted similar oaths, and everyone suddenly burst into a frenzy of searching, yelling, and such. Only Fil remained quiet, still lost in thought over the state of the walls. Behind him, Youngbeard slammed his hammer against the cavern walls and shouted a Dwarven oath, that roughly translated to "We'll do to them what they did to us". Fil grimaced as shards of rock passed over his head. He couldn't think with all of these meatheads shouting...

"Wait... is everyone in the tunnel?" Something stirred deep within Fil's memory, and he thought deeply on it... if everyone was here...

"The other marksman!" Everything suddenly clicked into place. "We left him at the rope, and no ones watching him!" Khain, who had been sharpening his bolts on an adjacent wall, nearly dropped his bolt in surprise. The leader looked back, the fire in his eyes extinguished, replaced by sudden fear.

"Go back! Go back!" Slowly, their shouts died down, replaced by the echoing of desperate running down the tunnel. Youngbeard, who had been in the rear, was first on the scene, hurtling down the corridor and to the rope. It was still there... but there was no marksdwarf. Nothing but a pool of blood. Youngbeard dipped his fingers in it. It was still warm. Everyone was soon behind, and there was frantic scuffling as the leader shouted orders.

"Search the tunnels!" Labs and Jack, who had been trailing behind, rushed down the tunnel to their right. The nameless axeman rushed to the left, while everyone else went straight up. Fil ran as best he could after everyone, and Jack stalled himself to keep an eye on the child. Everyone else ended up running into each other in their frenzy. They stopped, rubbing their heads gingerly, in front of a small room. Several rum barrels were in the room, besides that nothing.

Khain nodded at the barrels, gesturing. "We could take a drink now, not like anyone's using the barrels..." The leader stared at him as if he had suggested they all jump off a cliff. But Khain didn't pay attention, and walked up to one of the barrels. Hefting the barrel up, he tilted it over his head and began to drink heavily. After a while, he wiped off his mouth, satisfied, smacking his lips. "Weird taste... kinda fresh, but still pretty good you know." The rest filed into the room, examining the barrels. Labs licked his lips thirstily. Even Fil seemed tempted by the chance at free drink. Only the leader resisted, trying to remind everyone of the fact that they were missing a man. But no one payed attention.

Youngbeard finally gave in and pulled one of the barrels closer. Smiling, he prepared to partake, and looked in to get a clue as to what the vintage was. But what he saw was cloudy, as if something was *in* the drink. Suddenly feeling suspicious, Youngbeard lifted the lid off the booze container, and tipped it on its side, to wash out the obstruction. And the truth was revealed.

Its look was one of genuine terror, its beard still red with blood. It looked so different when it didn't have a body. But it was a head they all knew, the head of their former companion, the hammerman. Khain, upon seeing the truth, immediately vomited, sick splattering over the floor. Labs gingerly held him, his face full of disgust after seeing what the barrels really held. Bodies, left to brine in the rum barrels. Jack instinctively pushed Fil back, so as to keep him from the grisly sight. The Leader grimly contemplated their decapitated friend, bowing his head in respect. All thought was lost in the moment, except for one.



Fil counted people, trying his hardest not to glance at the brine-covered head on the floor. Five... one was dead, another they were searching for... but the third?

"We left another behind!" The Leader, who had been dawning upon that fact as well, sprinted down the corridor, to their companions last known position. Youngbeard and Jack followed immediately, while Labs was forced to remain behind and drag Khain, who was still recovering from the shock, and Fil, who seemed to have frozen in thought, along.

They were too late. Another blood trail, fresh, coated the ground. Their freind was no where to be seen. In a daze, the Leader stumbled forward. It seemed as if he was in too much shock to speak. Youngbeard mumbled something about remaining in groups, and followed. Jack grimly followed as well, gesturing at Labs, Khain, and Fil to quickly catch up.

Click.



Argh that was a large one... I should probably split these up into smaller sections shouldn't I? Well anyways, hope you liked it.

EDIT: I noticed that this wasn't as good as my previous entries, the quality of my writing was low in this one. I will split it up into smaller chapters, which should help.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **TheNewerMartianEmperor** on **June 06, 2009, 09:25:32 am**

Can Youngbeard gradually go deeper and deeper into insanity as this goes on?

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 06, 2009, 09:28:34 am**

Quote from: TheNewerMartianEmperor on June 06, 2009, 09:25:32 am
Can Youngbeard gradually go deeper and deeper into insanity as this goes on?

I have plans for you. Awesome plans.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **TheNewerMartianEmperor** on **June 06, 2009, 09:30:50 am**

Gee, that doesn't sound ominous a all..... :P

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Keita** on **June 06, 2009, 09:55:51 am**

ha loved the rum bit

"what an interesting taste"

"dude, they've got bodies in them"

"argh, I thought I tasted old socks aswell"

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **scuba** on **June 06, 2009, 01:48:30 pm**

i'll take another marksmen. named ascubis. since he is an archer he doesnt like to die. he does like to prvide death though :D

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Byakugan01** on **June 07, 2009, 10:45:23 am**

Quote from: Jackrabbit on June 05, 2009, 08:15:28 am
Quote from: Katsuun on June 05, 2009, 08:05:09 am
Quote from: Jackrabbit on June 05, 2009, 08:03:52 am
I'm absolutely willing to die in a horrific, disgusting. vomit inducing manner.
I just watched Bad Taste, you see.
If you've ever watched Higurashi, you know your death will be violent, gut-wrenching, and horrible.
Never watched it. Just make it quick, will you? But still gut wrenching and all that.

Quick death? Higurashi no Naku Koro Ni? Well, I suppose it depends on your point of view.

On a side note, look it up if you can find it-the OP pretty much sets the tone for the first season. Second season is more hopeful, but that's because the first season contains all four so-called "question" arcs of the story; these are where you find yourself asking what's going on, and find out a little more each time of WHAT happens. After that come the "answer" arcs-which provide many of the answers (the first season contains two of these, but the first answer arc is *very* dark). Still, fantastic series-even though I spoiled some of it by reading a wiki article on it, it still was very gripping, and easily one of the best shows I've ever watched in terms of plot, execution, and subtlety. I *highly* recommend it if you can handle some violence.

BTW, young beard may be able to die without dying ;). At least, if this story contains that aspect of Higurashi.

Can we hope for the appearance of a god in the story?

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Keita** on **June 08, 2009, 03:09:22 am**

Quote from: Byakugan01 on June 07, 2009, 10:45:23 am
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On a side note, look it up if you can find it-the OP pretty much sets the tone for the first season. Second season is more hopeful, but that's because the first season contains all four so-called "question" arcs of the story; these are where you find yourself asking what's going on, and find out a little more each time of WHAT happens. After that come the "answer" arcs-which provide many of the answers (the first season contains two of these, but the first answer arc is *very* dark). Still, fantastic series-even though I spoiled some of it by reading a wiki article on it, it still was very gripping, and easily one of the best shows I've ever watched in terms of plot, execution, and subtlety. I *highly* recommend it if you can handle some violence.

tis an amazing story, more so if you don't read wikis articles but I have done the same with other anima, I'm not good with suspence

Quote from: Byakugan01 on June 07, 2009, 10:45:23 am
BTW, young beard may be able to die without dying ;). At least, if this story contains that aspect of Higurashi.

hoho! I'd forgotten that part, not sure if it will fit though (suposing I'm on the same teack of thought anyway

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 08, 2009, 05:56:29 am**

Quote from: Byakugan01 on June 07, 2009, 10:45:23 am
Quote from: Jackrabbit on June 05, 2009, 08:15:28 am
Quote from: Katsuun on June 05, 2009, 08:05:09 am
Quote from: Jackrabbit on June 05, 2009, 08:03:52 am
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BTW, young beard may be able to die without dying ;). At least, if this story contains that aspect of Higurashi.

Can we hope for the appearance of a god in the story?

For all of them, we'll see. I make up the story as I go along, and for that matter, we've yet to finish a single episode. This is the first episode of what you could assume is a "question arc".

And yes I recommend Higurashi. To people who can handle gore. WATCH IT!!

EDIT:Update this afternoon, if I can get to it.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 08, 2009, 04:57:17 pm**

~Nippah

Click.

The sound reasonated throught the cavern, a faint echo that bounced off the walls and floors, leaving an eerie sort of vibration humming through the air. It was ever so faint, so much so that the quietest mouse probably made more noise than the sound. But they all heard it regardless, the sudden change in the air as the reverberations passed, that set off the little feeling in ones beard that *something wasn't right...*

Jack looked about at the noise, a slight concern worried onto his face. He glanced at Youngbeard, who waved back in return. Khain and Labs had heard as well, and exchanged glances and proceded to form a tight circle around Fil, who was suddenly jumpy, given the change of atmosphere. Labs brushed into the child, he gave a noise of fright and backed into a wall, whereupon a large noise proceeded to resonate throughout the cavern. The sound of rocks crumbling and falling sharply rang in everyones ears, and the leader turned back and looked at Fil, a look of irritation vaugely visible beneath his bristly beard.

"Quiet it, will ya?" The leader whispered furiously. Everyone, even Youngbeard, who had been picking at a wall of microline as he stood idle, snapped to attention and ceased making any noise. The shallow whisper of their breath was all that could be heard. But even then, it was enough, their breaths rang through the cavern, and suspense lay in the air like thick molasses. The slightest noise was multiplied tenfold, leaving everyone in a state of slight paranoia as the looked about themselves, Khain in particullar, since he took the rear. He seemed so nervous, that he had forgotten the digusting fate that had recently become him.

The leader glance about himself, apparently checking for traps. He nodded to nobody in particular, then motioned with his hand to come forward. The others nodded, Jack hefted his axe, Youngbeard waved, Labs gestured menacinglly into thin air, Fil grimanced, and Khain simply stared foward. The leader took a step.

They didn't see anything much, a blur of motion from the adjacent room and a mercifully short cry of pain. Their leader, who had but moments ago been gesturing and breathing, was now very still and was undoubtedly dead, enormous amounts of blood coating the walls. A metal prinpick was visible on his chest, it had gone clear through his breast and struck his heart. The bolt seemed to have wedged him to the wall, his facial expression was suprisingly vacant, as if he had expected his death.

Jack and Youngbeard had instinctivly jumped back, only now did they see that their leader was dead. Bowing their heads in respect, they gestured at one another, then turned back.

"He's dead..." Youngbeard seemed unfazed, as if the previous stress of seeing his comrades slowly die or disappear had wrought a sudden change in him. Fil looked like he was having trouble breathing, Khain thumped the child and thus knocked sense into him. Labs coldly nodded, the band had grown to accept the rising casualties that they were suffering in this hell hole. Jack nodded and then raised his axe and, with definite hesitation, dropped to the floor and attempted to cross the threshold, passing uncomfortably close to the cold body of his former leader in the process. The others looked away, fearing the worst.

When they looked back, he was safely on the other side, brushing gravel out of his beard. The rest nodded, Jack had proven that the trap had limits, and they could pass. Youngbeard faintly smiled at the others, a strange sort of smile, before droppping to his belly and crossing as well. Fil and his escort came up next. Varsen took the time to load a bolt into his crossbow, the winding and ticking of the crossbow resonating throught the otherwise silent hall. He uneasily shifted from foot to foot.

Fil was helped across, shaking and quivering, by Jack and Labs, while Youngbeard spun his hammer around slightly impressively. After Fil was across and cowering in a corner, Labs did a fancy roll and thus crossed. He straightened up, while the others nodded at him and gestured for Khain to cross.



Thats it.. all the NPC's are dead... its just player characters left now... ;)

~Nippah

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Byakugan01** on **June 08, 2009, 06:18:31 pm**

hauauau! Looks great so far, looking forward to the next part nanodesu! Is it too late to request a character nanodesu?

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 08, 2009, 06:43:58 pm**

Don't wonder. (I see that Rena is you're favorite character then?) Of course you can join. You won't appear untill episode one though.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **TheNewerMartianEmperor** on **June 09, 2009, 12:51:35 am**

Huh, Youngbeard seems pretty sane, surprisingly. But that has a high probability of changing, doesn't it?

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 09, 2009, 06:09:58 am**

Yes. No update this afternoon, I'm working on school stuff.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Byakugan01** on **June 09, 2009, 06:50:35 am**

Quote from: TheNewerMartianEmperor on June 09, 2009, 12:51:35 am
Huh, Youngbeard seems pretty sane, surprisingly. But that has a high probability of changing, doesn't it?

Oh boy, you have NO idea...

And nope, Rena's verbal tic is "ka na?" My favorite character is "Oyashiro-chama". ;)

For my character, may I request a female dwarven hunter (or "civilian" marksdwarf, which is fine too), with a slightly sadistic/hot tempered side? Or one with an obsession wit XXpig tail sockXX and other junk, with a huge love of fluffy wamblers, kittens, and other cute things? (Shameless rip offs, I know-but unless you plan on cameos, why not go to the orginal for inspiration?)

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Keita** on **June 09, 2009, 07:12:28 am**

lol I need to watch that anima again, can anyone tell me were? (excluding torrents and stuff like that)

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 09, 2009, 07:55:25 am**

Quote from: Metal Militia on June 09, 2009, 07:12:28 am
lol I need to watch that anima again, can anyone tell me were? (excluding torrents and stuff like that)

Youtube solves all problems. Start with episode one of Oninakushi-hen wand work your way upwards. GOOD LUCK!

And yes, I plan on making cameos, but feel free to have a rip-off character if you want.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Keita** on **June 09, 2009, 08:57:29 am**

oh cool I better get watching then.

can we get replacement characters when ours die?

EDIT
holy crud I forgot how random the opening to the first one was

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Labs** on **June 09, 2009, 09:30:04 am**

Uhhg, I hate most anime. Labs seems pretty sane aswell.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 09, 2009, 02:20:52 pm**

Quote from: Labs on June 09, 2009, 09:30:04 am
Uhhg, I hate most anime. Labs seems pretty sane aswell.

Do you want him to be?

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Labs** on **June 09, 2009, 04:41:14 pm**

That would be nice. ;)

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Okenido** on **June 09, 2009, 05:52:55 pm**

May I appear in the next arc?

I found Higurashi to be brilliant until the Kai season.
Spoiler (click to show/hide)
The plot holes were absolutely atrocious.

I mean... Did ANYONE ever notice that everyone was packed into one building, and if they weren't they had bullet wounds in their corpses? Honestly...

I've heard that the Visual Novel is better at addressing this due to the anime being an heavily abridged version of its base... But that's just simply inexcusable.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 09, 2009, 06:35:52 pm**

I don't know, I think the show was relatively good all thought. Well, compared to some of the anime I've watched. I've watched alot of FAIL, and Higurashi was one of the best I've watched yet.

Anyways, yes, I assume by arc, you mean epsiode.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Okenido** on **June 09, 2009, 06:57:54 pm**

Higurashi is one of the best animes out there.

Doesn't mean it lacks any faults though.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 09, 2009, 07:19:03 pm**

I said relatively. And could you specificy what you want to appear as and weither or not you're willing to die?

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Okenido** on **June 09, 2009, 07:44:35 pm**

Stonecrafter.

I'm fine with being killed off for the sake of plot.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Labs** on **June 10, 2009, 07:21:49 am**

So..... much..... anime....

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 10, 2009, 07:54:13 am**

Quote from: Labs on June 10, 2009, 07:21:49 am
So..... much..... anime....

\
Yes, yes there is. Update this afternoon.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Keita** on **June 10, 2009, 10:32:24 am**

I'm afriad to say that even anima is not free from the money grabers putting artist under pressure to keep cranking out stuff, that is why most western stuff is not that good.

I find manga (the books) and anima are much like normal books in that a lot of people prefer books to the films, the books explain and it would take for ever to put everything in the film/offtopic:anima

Offtopic: What anima/manga got people into anima/manga? For me it was Full Metal Alchemist

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Okenido** on **June 10, 2009, 11:08:43 am**

For the same reason I believe that the anime of Umineko isn't even going to be good...

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Byakugan01** on **June 10, 2009, 02:38:00 pm**

For the record, higurashi is actually a game originally-the manga and anime followed on the heels of its popularity. And yeah, there are *many* failed anime out there...Rosario + Vampire's adaptation being a particularly hideous monstrosity of WAY overdone fanservice, character derailment, stale characters, non-existent plot, and other assorted failures (and the second season was even WORSE!) . The manga, on the other hand, is one of the most interesting i have read, and has a very nice and coherent plotline form over time that is actually *not* entirely about the girls-though, they are always involved, and their characters actually develop and CHANGE over time.

Then there are ones like Higurashi, which actually DO manage to keep it together, and manage to be outstanding. I have not played the games, but from the synopsis I have read of them it stays pretty faithful to them. As far as plot goes, if I were to compare with games I would say it is up there with Bioshock and the Gears of War series in that category. Compared with other anime, I can't think of any that is quite on its level atm-certainly nothing on air now. IIRC, the manga for Higurashi for the most part simply go further in exploring the mysteries around Hinamizawa.

Ah...my first anime would have been Rurouni Kenshin and Full Metal Panic!

As for my character...I'd like to have a soap maker. ;D Feel free to deal with him any way you please, he likes tradition and is a zealous defender of it.

Edit: No, I didn't-that's why I specifically mentioned that I was basing my assessment on a synopsis.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Okenido** on **June 10, 2009, 02:44:22 pm**

I assume that you don't know how much they did cut out in Higurashi...

Hell even the freeware first episode gave me a good amount of information that I didn't learn from the manga and anime.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 10, 2009, 04:10:22 pm**

Ok, enough anime chatter NOW FOR PLAYER CHARCATER DEATH:

Khain nodded and slinked across, stowing his crossbow and dropping to the floor. Carefully, he wormed his way across the floor, grimacing as he passed his leaders corpse, then wiggling past it and slowly crawling towards them. Youngbeard had taken to drawing grafitti on the wall with the leaders blood, Jack and Labs eyed him with some distaste. Fil seemed to still be too stunned to speak. Jack stepped forward and offered Khain his hand. Khain grabbed it, he pulled and drew the prone dwarf up. Khain nodded, Labs and Youngbeard turned, pushing the child along with them. Khain limped on afterwards.

"I'm tellin' ya, the taste of that gore is still on my lips, tis' impossible to shake off!" The others heartily laughed as Khain recounted this with disquat, their laughs echoed curiously through the cavern. Jack grimaced, all thought of stealth had been lost for the moment. He made to follow after everyone else, who's footsteps were ringing through the hallway as they passed. The falls of their feet ceased for a second as everyone breifly examined the curses Youngbeard had scribbled on the walls.

And another step rang out. No one had made a move. No one had drawn a breath. They had all remained perfectly still. Youngbeard was silently chuckling as Labs and Khain examined his graffiti with amused expressions. What he had written, was apparently a 'dirty' joke. Fil, too young to understand the reference, was silently looking about the hall. Jack heard nothing but the step, which echoed about the cavern, so quietly, no one had heard a thing. Jack paused, waited. He felt his heartbeat accelerate, his ears filtering out Youngbeards laughter and focusing on the silence.

Nothing.

Perhaps he had thought wrongly. Shaking his head at himself, he slung his axe and continued after the group. At that moment, Labs happened to glance in his direction. Khain and Youngbeard were taunting Fil, who had finally gotten the meaning of the writing and was heavily flustered. Youngbeard said a word. Jack couldn't hear. All he could see was Labs, who's beaded face suddenly froze, expression of amusement melting into that of open terror.

A step behind him.

He felt the sickening pressure about his abdomen, saw the humerous air amongst his fellows break as they saw what was happening to himself. He saw and felt no more.

"NO!" Labs, who had been momentarily shocked by the horrifying sight, frozen out of action, suddenly burst into movement. His short, stock legs moved faster than he had ever known they could, adrenaline coursed hungrily though his system, giving him the energy borne of desperation. His sword flew from its scabbard in a single fluid movement, and was soon in his hand. He jumped at his leader body, he was barely aware of his jump, barely aware of Khains panting behind him, Fils shouts, Youngbeards nonsense. All he focused on was getting to Jack. Before it was too late.

He rounded the corner, adrenaline and momentum sending him hurtling down the shocking blue of the microline walls, crashing into the wall at the oppisite end. He sat there, head against the wall, spinning and disoriented. Grimacing from the pain, he wiped his eyes of microline dust and swiveled his head, looking down the corridor to his left to search for Jack.

His curse would echo throught the cavern for a long time.

Khain heard the shout, saw the blur of movement as Labs simply disappeared from his spot. The microline wall remained spotless, glimmering ever so slightly. There was no one. All was quite, except for a faint... humming noise. Khain couldn't locate it, his ears were pounding with his own heart beat. But it was still there, almost as if it were in his head. Khain shook his head, and glanced about him. All was clear.

He was suddenly aware of how expose he was, seperated from the fragments that comprised of his team. He held out on little prospect of seeing either Jack or Labs alive again. The image of their former hamemerman's head floating in the barrel resurfaced in Khain's mind. He

gagged briefly, then turned back to see Youngbeard and Fil, hoping they would still be there. Youngbeard waved at them.

"Good." Khain dropped to the floor counting on Youngbeard to cover him. He saw Fil try to reach for him. Youngbeard knocked him with the hammer, then pulled him back. Khain grimaced, then wondered at his luck to be stuck with the insane one as his only aid in these godforsaken tunnels. His leaders blood was congealing, forming a strange, reddish paste. Gagging again, Khain turned his eyes away, to his back.

And he screamed.

He scuffled forward, but slipped on the blood puddle and knocked his head on the rock wall. Disoriented, confused, and scared beyond belief, he stood to his feet and tried to stagger away from what had horrified him. The last thing he heard was a slight *click*.

The arrow struck his rib cage, smashign it through and leaving the bone exposed. His face, for the breifest second, spoke of the most unendurable agony. Then, mercifully, his eyes rolled limp, he began to fall. A second arrow was fired, striking him in the abdomen and spilling his entrails upon the floor. He fell to the ground, a mutilated corpse, and lay still.

Behind him, in the empty passageway, there was nothing.



By god, I'm finally almost done.

Tell me what you thought, as usual.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Byakugan01** on **June 10, 2009, 04:16:59 pm**

...Hmm, in detective mode. Trying to figure out just what happened-and can't (at least, not beyond the obvious clues). Or, to be more specific, who or what is killing them. Great, overall.

BTW, is the mircoline wall symbolic of insanity or something? Because I don't think it's a coincidence you put it there...

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 10, 2009, 04:35:36 pm**

Quote from: Byakugan01 on June 10, 2009, 04:16:59 pm
BTW, is the mircoline wall symbolic of insanity or something? Because I don't think it's a coincidence you put it there...

Perhaps...

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Labs** on **June 10, 2009, 04:55:58 pm**

From what i can tell, Labs still lives. Excellent writing btw. ;D

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 10, 2009, 05:00:27 pm**

Quote from: Labs on June 10, 2009, 04:55:58 pm
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Perhaps...

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Keita** on **June 11, 2009, 07:41:14 am**

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Byakugan01** on **June 11, 2009, 12:28:37 pm**

You do have a death worthy of a soapmaker for my character planned, correct? :D I chose his profession specifically because soap makers always seem to die unbelievably horrific/mysterious death...at least in dwarf fortress.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 11, 2009, 05:01:45 pm**

Perhaps...

Fil grimaced as he lay on the floor, gingerly rubbing his head and groaning openly as he drew himself to his feet.

"Blast it Youngbeard, must you hit me with the...?" The child stopped cold in mid-sentence, as his eyes dropped from the walls stained red with fresh blood, to the floor, where the broken corpse of Khain lay. Blood silently leaked from him, his eyes had glazed over, his tounge lolled from his mouth. Fil stepped back in a hushed manner. Youngbeard nodded, then lifted his hammer and struck the child again. Fil staggered to the ground, shouting in suprise as he twisted to avoid the arrow trap. He crashed to the ground beside the two dead dwarves in a mess of rags and blood. Gagging in disgust, he scrambled out of the congealing blood and turned on Youngbeard.

"Whats the matter with you!?!\" He furiously shouted at Youngbeard. The dwarf simply waved. Fil shook his head, he was trapped with some insane idiot. He gestured at the pathway past the disturbingly spread bodies of their former comrades. \"We should get out of here.\" Youngbeard slightly cocked his head, loosly gesturing with his hammer. Fil shook his head and sighed. Grasping the hammer, he spun on the spot and began to drag Youngbeard out of the caverns by force. *\"Just get past the trap and we're...\"* His thought ended abruptly, as he looked down the corridor and saw what was there.

He had many injuries, his head was heavily bruised, his clothing torn and blood oozing from a sickeningly large wound on his side. But it was Labs, dragging Jack, who seemed to be unconscious, trailing blood behing the pair, to them. Fil sighed with relief, Youngbeard nodded and gave a slight chuckle. Labs smiled in return, shifting his arm so that Jack was off the ground and in the air.

"Found 'im in the hall, got a bunch'a wounds, but he should be fine.\" Labs smiled, he gestured at Fil and Youngbeard, who rushed forward, halting uneasily before the trap. Youngbeard raised his hammer threateningly at Fil, who jumped with suprise and squirmed his way, crawling on the floor, around the corpses on the ground, and after dusting himself of on the other side, extending a hand to the limping Labs, who had managed, despite his injury, to drag his way to them. Breathing a silent prayer, Fil smiled at Labs, who managed to wince in return, and take the preoffered hand. Fil pulled Labs forward, and began to aid him in lower Jack onto the ground so that he could rest.

Fil took the time to overview Jack, who had a suprising look of serenity on his face, despite all that had happened. His arm had been severely lacerated, red wounds like snakes trailing over it. His beard was sticky with matted blood, his eyes closed, his breath, unhearable. Fil nodded at Youngbeard, who was idly prodding at Khains body, then ripped a stip of his own coat off, then started preparing a tourniquet for Jack's arm. His eyes dropped to his chest, which seemed oddly depressed, almost as if...

Eyes widening, Fil suddenly gasped. Labs looked at him, his face unreadable. Dropping the cloth in his hand, Fil rand a hand over the shreds of shirt that had been draped over Jack... almost as if they were concealing... Fil, with a flourish of his arm, brushed the remains of the shirt away.

Blood rushed in his ears, adrenaline began to coarse through him, screaming at him to run as fast as he could, to escape this horrible cavern. Jack had been skinned alive at the torso and abdomen, and his vital organ had been meticoulusly removed, essentially leaving his skeleton only under the clothes. Fil felt like he was rushing, all sensation was blocked out, and the frighteningly clear image of the mutilated Jack spun in his eyes. He felt like he would faint.

But then, he suddenly felt a shock, one that shook him out of his stupor. His eyes slowly turned up from Jacks body, and onto the dwarf standing before him. He looked just like Labs, wore the same clothes, had the same beard. Fil's eyes connected with Labs, seeking, against all hope, to find a glimmer of life, any sign that this was the Labs that they all knew. Their eyes connected, and in that instant, Fil knew. Labs smiled, an impossible smile. Time stood still for what seemed like an infinity.

And was broken by a heavy force crashing onto Fil's skull. He flew from the spot, from the horrifying sight of Jack, the chilling sight of Labs, from the blood, from the gore, from the darkness. Vaugely, his head turned even as he hurtled into the rough rock walls, the shock causing him to cough up blood onto the spot. Youngbeard stood there, hammer held loosely in his hands, a vauge grin on his face. Their eyes connected, even as Fil tried to clear the spinning sensation from his head. Youngbeard waved. Fil ran.



"Labs" drew his sword and slowly advanced toward Youngbeard. Youngbeard laughed, a bark of a laugh that echoed sharply through the tunnels, masking all other noises, except for his own laugh. He flourished with his hammer, and swung at the thing that looked exactly like his comrade. A crack, of metal on stone, rang like a bell through the tunnels, overpowering the echo of his laugh. "Labs" smiled, a strange little smile, and stepped onto the former body of their leader, crushing the skull with a sickening crack as he went. *Click*. Youngbeard waved, chuckling as he did so.

The bolt whistled through the air, to land point-blank in "Labs'" heart. Blood flew, intermingling with the congealing blood of his dead comrades. It ran all over the floor, like a river. The arrow itself had torn, quite literally, torn "Labs'" heart out, and impaled it upon the opposite wall, like some freakish sort of mannequin. But the dwarf himself was still, slowly, surely, inhumanly taking step after step toward Youngbeard. A hole was in his torso, a gaping hole that gushed blood as "Labs" moved. But he was still moving.

"Nice trick." Youngbeard smiled, and uttering an oath, swing his hammer over his head. His muscles strained as he lifted, his breath froze in its mouth, every single neuron froze in this moment, as his hammer arced through the air, down towards the head of Labs. It hit the mark.

The dwarf stood over the other, nodding slightly as it noted the blood about it. The dwarf on the ground was groaning, his weapon lay useless by his side, the floor stained with his own blood, puddles steadily rising to engulf him. Though dim, as the torch had been taken by the child, if one strained, one could see a bruise on his forehead, clear as the sun burning in the sky. The dwarf above him took a step.



Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Labs** on **June 11, 2009, 05:14:14 pm**

Ha! Doppleganger Labs. ;D

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Okenido** on **June 11, 2009, 05:34:30 pm**

Alright who's alive?

Youngbeard is confirmed to be living.
Don't know about Fil.
Khain is alive but hasn't been seen since last update.
"Labs" is in a near death state.

Anybody I'm missing?

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 11, 2009, 05:48:17 pm**

Quote from: Okenido on June 11, 2009, 05:34:30 pm
Alright who's alive?

Youngbeard is confirmed to be living.
Don't know about Fil.
Khain is alive but hasn't been seen since last update.
"Labs" is in a near death state.

Anybody I'm missing?

Youngbeard is alive. Khain is dead, Jack is dead. Fil is unknown. Labs is alive, but something is wrong.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Labs** on **June 11, 2009, 06:07:04 pm**

Ya think, his hear was ripped out and he still lives. :P

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Okenido** on **June 11, 2009, 06:22:17 pm**

Thanks.

That makes it a little more clear for me.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **June 11, 2009, 06:26:19 pm**

Nice to know Jack died peacefully. ;D

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Byakugan01** on **June 11, 2009, 06:32:18 pm**

A butchered dwarf eh? Sounds like someone's in a fell mood! That's my guess for what happened THIS time, at any rate.

Edit...uh...define "peacefully".

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Okenido** on **June 11, 2009, 07:20:46 pm**

Well it is peaceful compared to some of the other stuff we do to our dwarves.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **TheNewerMartianEmperor** on **June 12, 2009, 01:56:28 am**

Oh dear, youngbeard might be the only survivor. Wait; he lives, yaysnessness.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **June 12, 2009, 02:32:12 am**

Quote from: Byakugan01 on June 11, 2009, 06:32:18 pm
...uh...define "peacefully".

Peaceful compared to what I would have done to him.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 12, 2009, 06:01:38 am**

Quote from: Labs on June 11, 2009, 06:07:04 pm
Ya think, his hear was ripped out and he still lives. :P

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
When that happens, you know its not human anymore.

HINT HINT.

HINT.

Get it yet?

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Labs** on **June 12, 2009, 07:13:55 am**

Dwarven.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 12, 2009, 07:55:41 am**

Quote from: Labs on June 12, 2009, 07:13:55 am
Dwarven.

Sorry.

Quote from: Katsuun on June 12, 2009, 06:01:38 am
Quote from: Labs on June 11, 2009, 06:07:04 pm
Ya think, his hear was ripped out and he still lives. :P

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
When that happens, you know its not ~~human~~ dwarven anymore.

HINT HINT.

HINT.

Get it yet?

Get it now?

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **TheNewerMartianEmperor** on **June 12, 2009, 08:01:21 am**

Oh my god. It must be some kind of non-natural antagonistic plot-based creature from another uni-mention!

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **June 12, 2009, 08:04:19 am**

Stop your semi-analytical post-cubism pop-psychobabble and kill shit!

(Cubism doesn't fit in you say? Well you haven't been paying attention.)

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 12, 2009, 08:05:17 am**

Perhaps... I'll have your character make that anylasis in the upcoming (Read: Not today) update.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **June 12, 2009, 08:07:59 am**

I was just spouting crap there by the way.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **TheNewerMartianEmperor** on **June 12, 2009, 08:08:50 am**

It isn't cubism, it's tessaractiod neo-geo-psycho-over-under-analysis.

so was I.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Keita** on **June 12, 2009, 08:10:36 am**

I don't think anyone cares with all the blood and guts flying all over the place.

...hey was that an eye that just flew past?

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **TheNewerMartianEmperor** on **June 12, 2009, 08:13:09 am**

Hey! Gimme that back!

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Keita** on **June 12, 2009, 09:02:08 am**

erm...I might of stept on it but it's probably ok if you clean all the gunk off it

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Okenido** on **June 12, 2009, 10:24:59 am**

So a dwarf who loses his/her heart is no longer considered a dwarf?

It's probably corpse reanimation.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **TheNewerMartianEmperor** on **June 12, 2009, 10:29:26 am**

Or some kind of construct, or hallucination made real, or shapeshifter, or disguised demon, or.....

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Byakugan01** on **June 12, 2009, 10:51:26 am**

Hmmm...any local gods/demons, by chance? (Backstory question...)

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Keita** on **June 12, 2009, 10:54:54 am**

.....and the list is endless

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **filiusenox** on **June 12, 2009, 11:40:27 am**

ITS A DEMON!!!

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Okenido** on **June 12, 2009, 01:21:39 pm**

A little more backstory would help.

Higurashi had the curse.
Umineko had the epitaph.
So what do the Dwarves have?

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Byakugan01** on **June 12, 2009, 01:29:34 pm**

Well, this is more equivalent to the scene in the first episode-a kind of "what just happened" moment. Would i be correct in assuming we will learn the backstory in the next episode?

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Keita** on **June 12, 2009, 02:23:22 pm**

oh! oh! I want a dwarf with a magic picture box

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 12, 2009, 02:57:18 pm**

Eventually, you may figure it out. If you are lucky.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Keita** on **June 12, 2009, 03:32:21 pm**

that or can I get a shy dwarf who then gets a tast for smashing things?

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Labs** on **June 12, 2009, 04:48:30 pm**

I declare..... NO MORE ANIME!!!!!! >:(

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Byakugan01** on **June 12, 2009, 04:52:46 pm**

Well, this *is* inspired by Higurashi so some conversation on the topic is bound to pop up, and homages/cameos to the chars as well. Kind of unavoidable. And I'm not sure either of Metal Militia's ideas are from anime, though the second may refer two one of two characters from within higurashi itself.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Okenido** on **June 12, 2009, 11:54:36 pm**

Quote from: Labs on June 12, 2009, 04:48:30 pm

I declare..... NO MORE ANIME!!!! >:(

For the love of the RNG... There's quite a bit of horrible anime out there, (Especially the popular ones such as Naruto, or Bleach.) but hatred against all anime is much like hatred against all hardcover books...

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **June 13, 2009, 12:02:09 am**

Quote from: Okenido on June 12, 2009, 11:54:36 pm

For the love of the RNG... There's quite a bit of horrible anime out there, (Especially the popular ones such as Naruto, or Bleach.) but hatred against all anime is much like hatred against all hardcover books...

God damn hardcover books, hurt when hit by one.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Keita** on **June 13, 2009, 06:07:09 am**

Quote from: Byakugan01 on June 12, 2009, 04:52:46 pm

Well, this *is* inspired by Higurashi, so some conversation on the topic is bound to pop up, and homages/cameos to the chars as well. Kind of unavoidable. And I'm not sure either of Metal Militia's ideas are from anime, though the second may refer two one of two characters from within higurashi itself.

Dwarf with picture box = The photographer from Higurashi (can't remember name and can't be arsed to look it up)

Shy dwarf = Kid who gets in the middle of the murders and then has to kill a load of people (same as above)

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 13, 2009, 07:03:44 am**

Quote from: Metal Militia on June 13, 2009, 06:07:09 am

Quote from: Byakugan01 on June 12, 2009, 04:52:46 pm

Well, this *is* inspired by Higurashi, so some conversation on the topic is bound to pop up, and homages/cameos to the chars as well. Kind of unavoidable. And I'm not sure either of Metal Militia's ideas are from anime, though the second may refer two one of two characters from within higurashi itself.

Dwarf with picture box = The photographer from Higurashi (can't remember name and can't be arsed to look it up)

Shy dwarf = Kid who gets in the middle of the murders and then has to kill a load of people (same as above)

Jiriou Tomitake and I assume you mean Rena Ryuugu from the description of shyness.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Episode 0; Before**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 13, 2009, 07:09:47 am**

EPISODE 0 ENDS.

Youngbeard awoke, groaning, joints creaking as he tried to stretch. He heard a clinking noise as his limbs expanded a bit of length moved and he felt a jarring snap through his elbows, knees, and shoulders. The rattling of metal could be heard as he tried to shift his arm's position further. As he would have assumed, he was trapped in place. With blood returning to his extremities, he finally felt the oppressive weight of the shackles that bound him to whatever he was on. It was cold, and hard, so he could assume that it was rock.

A quick tilt of his head, which had not been chained to the surface, down a bit so he could examine the table. A gleam of metal, given the radiance, and its crumpled appearance, it had to be some aluminum alloy. Strange... that was exceedingly rare in the Empire, given the rarity of deposits of any sort of raw aluminum. Youngbeard, with difficulty, jerked his head from the table to an angle so that he could look out upon the room.

Eye blistering, microline was. Its ludicrous blue glare burned his eyes, forcing him to laugh in discomfort and shift uneasily away. Sealing his eyes shut, he turned from the burning radiance to try and get a grasp of the rest of the room. He felt his muscles tearing under the strain, he had been through a lot already. The pain only made him laugh, wincing all the while. He had gone quite a long ways.

His view was better on the other side, where the eyesore of a vein had ended and gave way to the cool allure of granite that Youngbeard was used to. The room was large, compared to the tunnels he had made his way through. The room was large enough for a few humans or a handful of dwarves to crowd together comfortably, the ceiling stood at a fair height above him. Furthermore, unlike the stone of the tunnels, which had been roughly chiseled and cracked with obvious wear, the walls in here were smooth, well polished, which probably explained why the microline had hurt his eyes so much. His beady eyes swiveled over the walls, until he saw a little feature that stood out, against the opposite wall.

It was a small set of pictographs, carved crudely into the wall. The workmanship was shoddy, the engravings were too thick and had a block appearance. Furthermore, the figures were crude, though they took rough human shapes. As he scrutinized the engravings, he noted that a little carving appeared multiple times over, seemingly every other picture had this figure between them. Straining his eyes, he made out the symbol, lightly etched into the granite walls.

It was an alien symbol, curvy and neat compared to the rest of the pictograms, almost humanlike in its detail and penmanship. No where had Youngbeard seen this, he slightly cocked his head to the side to get a close examination. It was the symbol, and an arrow of sorts, pointing to the right of the humanish symbol. And it repeated. So it was this pointing picture, an unrelated figure, the pointing one again, another unrelated figure...

Yawning with boredom, Youngbeard idly stared for a minute or so of silence. He yawned again, then began muttering to himself under his breath, asking himself where his companions were, though he knew too well that their moldering remains probably lay just outside this room. His monologue was interrupted by a cough. Youngbeard thrashed about, trying to see where the noise had originated. Tilting his head backwards, over the table's edge, he saw.

Despite the gaping wound in his chest, through which a rib was clearly exposed, grimly glowering white through his flesh, Labs seemed to be perfectly well of. His hands were locked together, and had been idly placed in his lap. He had a look on his face akin to that of a collector eyeing a particularly rare piece that he did not particularly want, pleased, yet slightly detached as well. Labs looked content... oddly content. They locked eyes, Youngbeard searched for a sign of life in Lab's eyes, just as Fil had done only so long ago. They were as black and cold as the night. Youngbeard flashed a smile, Labs grimaced and gestured.



“They died well.” He talked with a freakish monotone, one that would send the gravest chills down even the most trained of military men. Youngbeard was unmoved, he slightly shifted and then smiled at Labs.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.” Labs, in turn, surveyed Youngbeard, his expression quickly flashing one of intense disgust, before immediately returning into that of detached contentment. The two glared at each other for a minute or so, tension building up as both seemed intent on not speaking. Youngbeard then coughed, and Labs nodded.

“You’re companions are all in the barrels now.” Youngbeard had forgotten the meaning of the barrels, though a vague image of some dwarf vomiting onto the floor flashed in his mind. “Jack died quickly and with little pain, and Labs fared even better, he was unconscious while he died.”

“So you died but you’re talking to me?” Youngbeard laughed a wild feral laugh that echoed through the room, creating a strange reverberation that clamped down on Youngbeards ears, sealing them off from outside noise. He continued to laugh, seemingly unable to control himself, while Labs blankly stared at him. After a few minutes, as Youngbeard petered out, Labs slowly arose to his feet and began slowly moving to Youngbeards aluminum table.

“The child who got away still irritates me though...” Labs grimaced as if he was being asked to remember a wound that had hurt him for so long. His eyes locked onto Youngbeards, drilling into them and leaving them blank, expressionless. Youngbeard himself was silent. Labs laughed, a more controlled, tempered laugh, this, but still somehow undwarven...

“I still wonder why you struck the child those many times.” Suddenly, realization came flooding into Youngbeard. The only people who had been visible in that tunnel when Youngbeard was hitting the child down, for reasons he himself had forgotten, had been himself, the child, and the dead leader and Khain. Shock spread through Youngbeard as he recounted this, as he looked into the blank face of Labs and suddenly realized the meaning of the engravings on the walls.

A fraction of a second too late, he knew the truth. A fraction of a second too late, his sanity returned to him. Youngbeard began to utter an oath. Labs smiled, an impossibly wide smile, as his eyes seemingly burned with that emptiness that had consumed them.

Play ET:
Ending (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Kk3Nmu8Kq6Y>)
(Yes I know that is not the actual ending, but I don’t like Higurashi ET’s that much.)

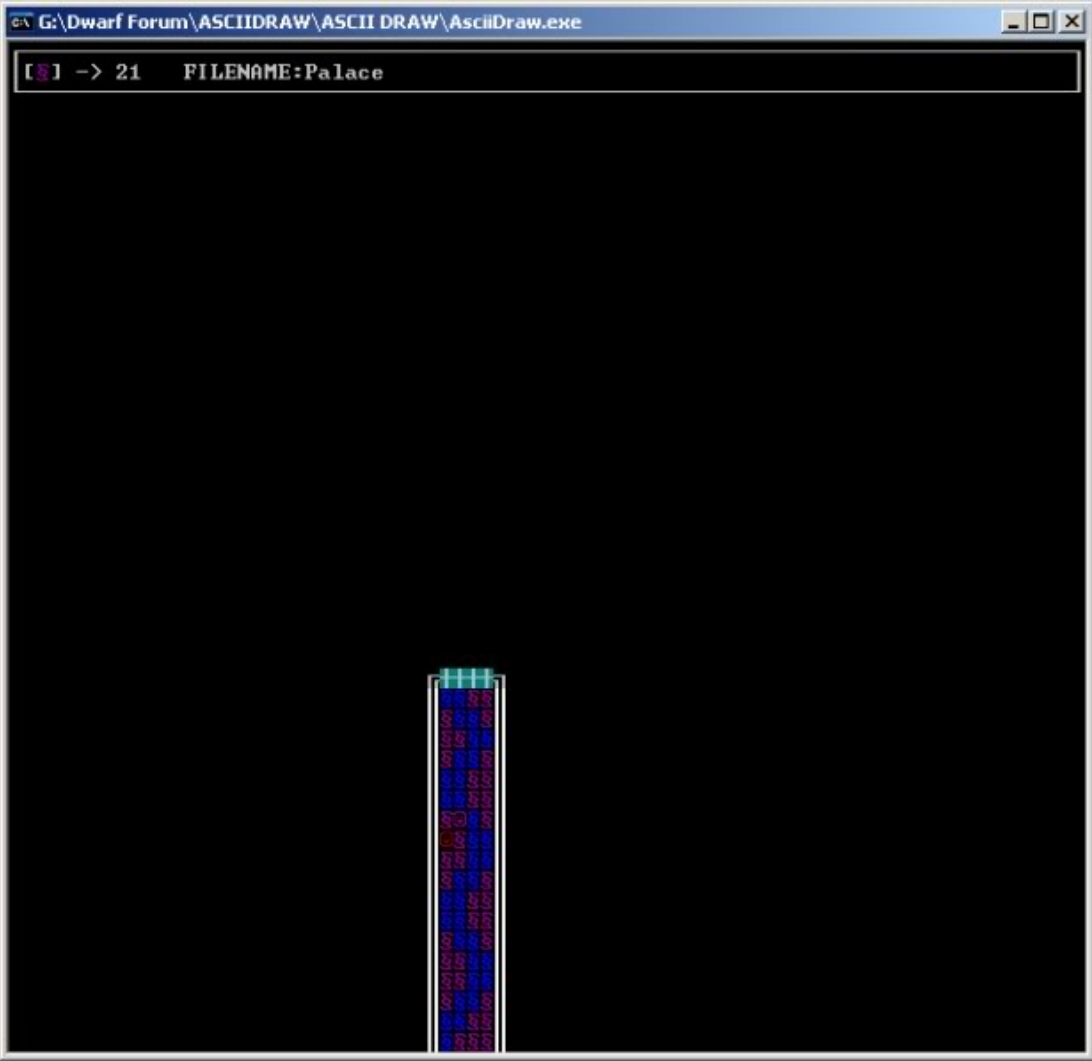
Preview:
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

What you know, is the unwavering, smothering illusion.

What you seek, is the ignorance of the blissful dream.

What you’ll get, is that unbreakable, inescapable nightmare.

When Dwarves Cry: Perpetual-Motion Chapter; Episode 1- Bliss.



Can you believe in this?

And so ends THE FIRST EPISODE.

Read the preview, and feel free to comment.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Perpetual Motion Chapter: Episode 1; Bliss**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **June 13, 2009, 07:19:43 am**

So awesome. Still, you might want to look up a fix for the whiteness.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Perpetual Motion Chapter: Episode 1; Bliss**
Post by: **Labs** on **June 13, 2009, 07:31:43 am**

Damn good so far. BTW not all anime is bad.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Perpetual Motion Chapter: Episode 1; Bliss**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 13, 2009, 07:34:50 am**

It was just a screw up, I fixed it already. I'd rather not redo the pictures though.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Perpetual Motion Chapter: Episode 1; Bliss**
Post by: **TheNewerMartianEmperor** on **June 13, 2009, 07:43:49 am**

So, it were Youngbeard all along! Or was it? *scare chord*

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Perpetual Motion Chapter: Episode 1; Bliss**
Post by: **Keita** on **June 13, 2009, 08:13:18 am**

love it, love it, love it! amazing clif hanger!

The intro to the serise is awesome, I liked it so much I ripped the music off of it (legal btw)

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Perpetual Motion Chapter: Episode 1; Bliss**
Post by: **filiusenox** on **June 13, 2009, 06:28:11 pm**

Quote from: [Okenido](#) on [June 12, 2009, 01:21:39 pm](#)

A little more backstory would help.
Higurashi had the curse.
Umineko had the epitaph.
So what do the Dwarves have?

Beards?
Hammers?
Fungul Reproduction?

a btw i like bleach.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Perpetual Motion Chapter: Episode 1; Bliss**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 13, 2009, 07:36:28 pm**

Quote from: Okenido on June 12, 2009, 01:21:39 pm

A little more backstory would help.

Higurashi had the curse.
Umineko had the epitaph.
So what do the Dwarves have?

The ability to break the laws of physics and general idiocy.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Perpetual Motion Chapter: Episode 1; Bliss**
Post by: **Keita** on **June 14, 2009, 10:11:27 am**

WELCOME TO DWARF FORTRESS

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Perpetual Motion Chapter: Episode 1; Bliss**
Post by: **Byakugan01** on **June 14, 2009, 05:33:40 pm**

Ah, so being dwarven. Come to think of it, alot of forts go the way of Hinamizawa don't they...at least, mine do on average once in their lifetime.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Perpetual Motion Chapter: Episode 1; Bliss**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 15, 2009, 05:54:09 am**

Yes they do.

On an unrelated note, to everyone who died, fell free to request more characters if you wish, I don't mind. And to those who did post one, would you mind reposting your request so I don't have to track it down?

EDIT:Oh my god, how the hell did this reach 9 pages?

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Perpetual Motion Chapter: Episode 1; Bliss**
Post by: **Keita** on **June 15, 2009, 10:25:41 am**

when yo reach ten, CELEBRATE

ok can I have another dwarf then

Name: Thogan
Proffesion: Hammerer
Backstory: Thogan is son of Khain, his dad went on a special mission (wheather it was a long time ago or recently depends on how well it fits in the story). He joined the military to prove to the family that he was a true dwarf by spending a year in military service, but he got a taste for it and stuck with it, becoming adapt at weilding his -Lead Two-Handed Warhammer- that he made after being struck by an idea. It's somehow as strong as steel and hits harder for it's considrable wieght but can be slow and unwieldy

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Perpetual Motion Chapter: Episode 1; Bliss**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 16, 2009, 06:00:01 am**

Nothing else? Update this afternoon then.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Perpetual Motion Chapter: Episode 1; Bliss**
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **June 16, 2009, 08:21:18 pm**

Name: Karl
Profession: Hammerer and Geologist!
Backstory: Karl comes from a family rather more crazy about rocks than most. He loves rocks, not just for mining but for collecting! In the eyes of most dwarves, he is a madman, but they can believe whatever they want as long as they keep their hands of his precious rock collection!

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Perpetual Motion Chapter: Episode 1; Bliss**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **June 17, 2009, 11:53:03 am**

Going to be on stand-by for a bit while I finish up my exams. Sorry people, updates coming Friday.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Perpetual Motion Chapter: Episode 1; Bliss**
Post by: **Okenido** on **June 19, 2009, 08:56:15 pm**

So how did it go?

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Perpetual Motion Chapter: Episode 1; Bliss**
Post by: **Byakugan01** on **June 20, 2009, 08:03:31 pm**

Bump, and I Hope you did well on the exams.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Perpetual Motion Chapter: Episode 1; Bliss**
Post by: **Keita** on **June 21, 2009, 05:34:12 am**

Yes, This was panning out rather well.

@Okenido: Loving the avatar picture

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Perpetual Motion Chapter: Episode 1; Bliss**
Post by: **Okenido** on **June 22, 2009, 06:53:28 pm**

This reminds me...

I have to resurrect my LP of Wizardry...

Nah I'll do it tomorrow.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Perpetual Motion Chapter: Episode 1; Bliss**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **September 28, 2009, 08:57:30 pm**

Hm. I'm here, bored out of my mind, my CPU in the Phillippines as a result of a failed attempt at moving back to my home country, and I'm thinking of resurrecting this from the dead...

For all of two days before I disappear as I always do. But whatever, I have no expectations anymore. it's just for the hell of it now.

Does anyone know if there's an ASCIIDraw like program for the Mac? Thanks in advance.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Life has been reapplied.**
Post by: **Keita** on **September 29, 2009, 04:17:53 am**

I've never heard of one but google is a good start to finding one.

Title: **Re: When the Dwarves Cry : Death has been reapplied.**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **September 29, 2009, 09:27:34 pm**

Nothing stands out. I'll need to find that before I restart this, so I'm putting this back in the grave for now.

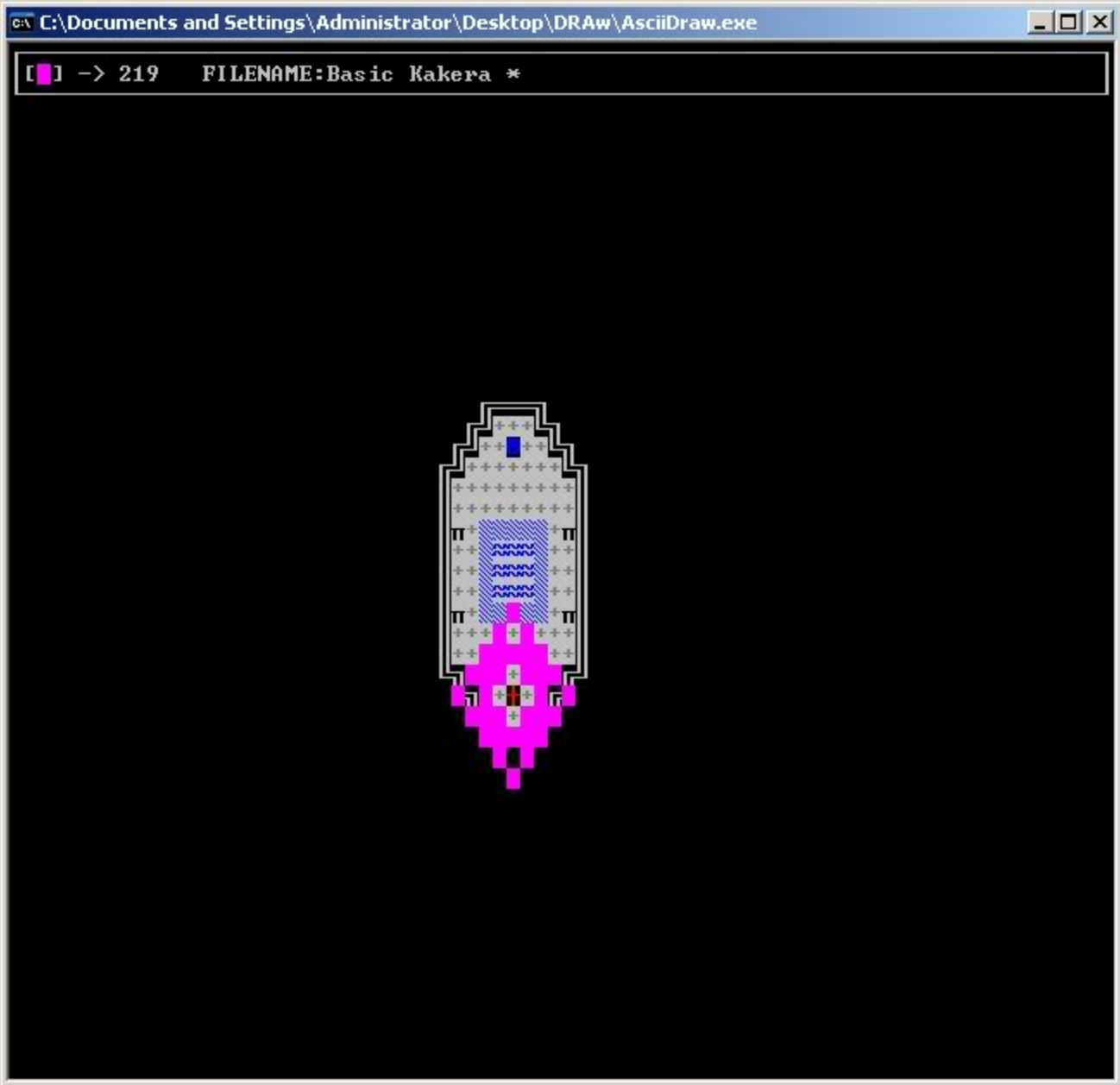
Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **November 08, 2009, 02:58:01 pm**

Back for as long as it is before I ultimately vanish again.

Umineko no Naku Koro (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=boccV7pNYfI>)



It stood that she was, by definition, the most jaded witch alive. For as long as the witches and warlocks had traversed the planes of this world, she had always been cynical, dark, and dry in her tastes, even by the standards of the magical beings. She wore the guise of a dwarf, but drunk water and ate bland meals, in comparison to the decadent feasts her peers would host. Her clothing was simple, a black dress overlaying a white shirt and shorts, and a violet bow fixed to her similarly shaded hair. She did little, mostly keeping to herself, and had only one friend amongst the witches, if Iotazeta could even be counted as a friend. But still, it stood that she was the strongest magical being in existence, The Witch of the Ending, matched only by Iotazeta in sheer power. Perhaps it was this power that made her character as it was, but then, that was just speculation. This "Ending Witch" sat on her throne, a simple affair made of cold obsidian, idly staring at the still pool of water that stood in the center of her throne room, when she arrived.



Her arrival was heralded by an immense flash of power that radiated from the obsidian throne opposite the "Ending Witch", power that coalesced into brilliant, pink light and exploded over the larger portion of the room, stirring up great ripples that sloshed around the water of the pool. In the midst of the brilliant light, the silhouette of a tall, feminine figure was in a sitting position atop the throne that had been occupying that spot. It raised a hand, a minute gesture which almost immediately quelled the impressive display, leaving the figure in it's midst unscathed. She was an elf, ears thin and pointed, skin pale, hair a wispy light blond. She wore an elaborately decorated pink dress, complete with a matching pink beret. She wore an impish grin, smiling directly at the figure opposite her. The Ending Witch regarded her with a cold stare. Her name was Iotazeta, Witch of the Perpetual, her one "friend". A better term would have been rival.

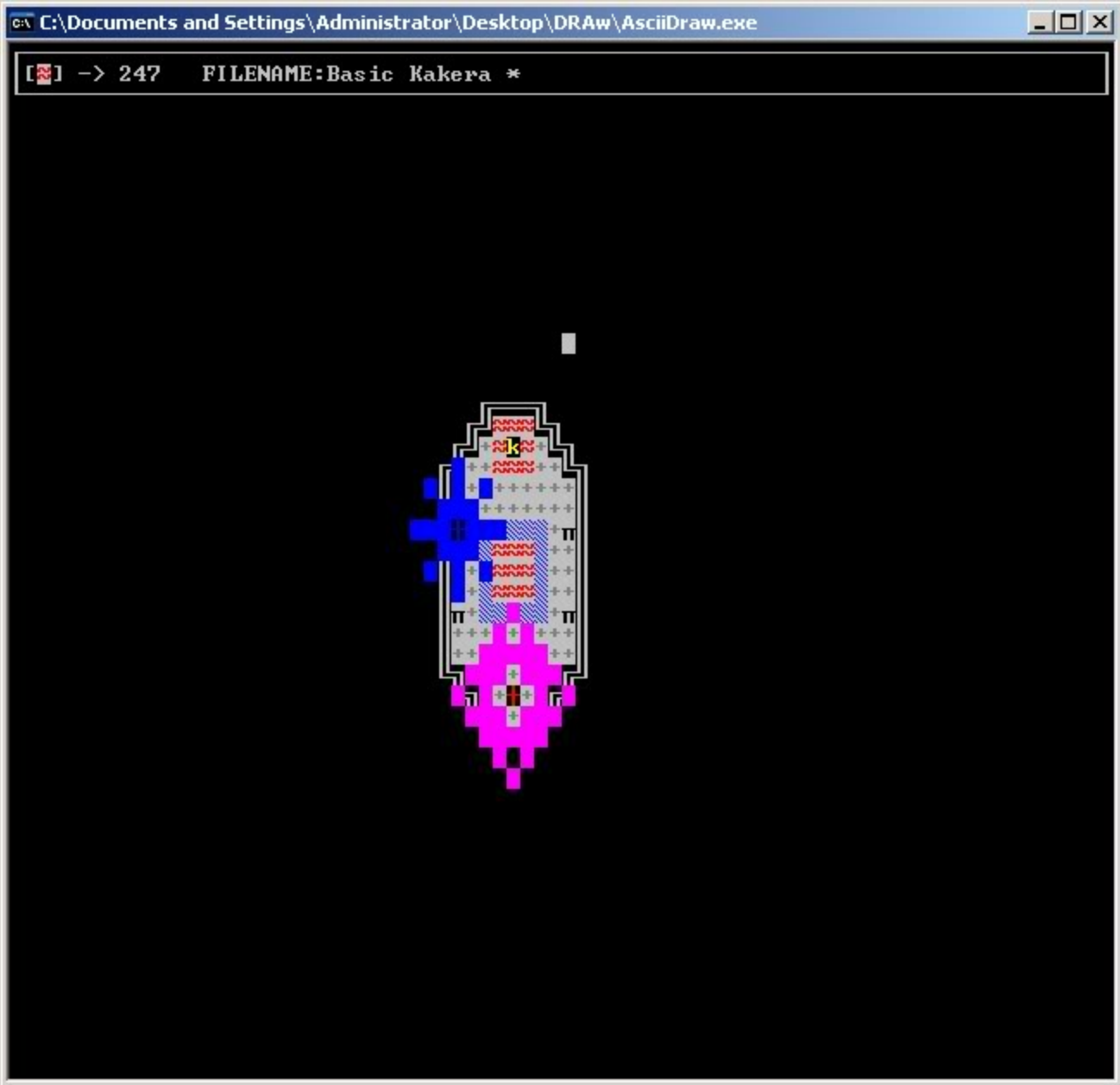
"Long time, hasn't it been?" Iotazeta asked in an irritating, childish tone. The witch opposite her grimaced in response. Their meetings would always open with Iota attempting to irritate and otherwise antagonize her, and unfortunately, she usually would win. Sensing her prey's weakness, she continued her assault. *"Nice day isn't it? No weather, no events, no nothing in this dull plane you call home,"* she continued, idly toying with a strand of hair as she said it. *"You should get rid of it and move in with me, eh?"* She smiled. Her opponent remained stoic. Iotazeta's smile faded, but quickly returned as she remembered something. Crossing her arms as if she was pouting, she muttered of to the side, in perfect Tsundere-style, *"Fine, don't listen to me then... Cu..."* she finished with a return to her grin as she finally caught her rival.

"Address me by my full name, Copperblaze," she shot back before catching herself. Suddenly realizing what Iota had done, Copper grimaced again and turned away from the elf as her grin extended into a bout of laughter. Copper sat there, listening to Iota laugh for a minute or so, before her laughter finally died down and she became serious, her grin fading as she returned to her regular pitch, strong yet still light in tone.

"It has been a while since you've done anything "Copperblaze", she spoke, briefly smiling as she overemphasized Copper's name for humor before returning to her speech. *"I have a proposition for you, one I am sure you can not refuse."* Copperblaze returned to regarding her rival, her attention perked by the statement. Normally, Iota had relatively pointless ideas that amused her much more than anything else, but occasionally she could suggest something novel. *"I have secured someone who is willing to play a game with us, on the Material Plane,"* she finished, sitting back and letting Copperblaze think. A "game" as it stood, usually involved the manipulation of events on the Material Plane for the amusement of the magical beings. They were rarely played anymore, as most magical beings had grown complacent with their lavish lifestyles, but it would still occasionally happen, drawing magical spectators in from all corners of the known multiverse. Iotazeta had always tried to get Copperblaze involved with her schemes, but it rarely worked, as she often chose weak magical beings to duel against.

With more than a hint of skepticism, Copper responded, *"Just who have you gotten involved, anyways?"* Iota smiled as soon as the question was asked. She got up from her stone seat and approached Copper, traversing the pool and laying a hand on Copper, who stood two feet shorter than the elf and felt dwarfed. Drawing her face in close, so that their eyes were practically level, she muttered in a theatrical fashion, sending an involuntary shiver down Copper's spine, *"Armok..."*

The two were almost immediately there.



They were greeted with the smell of fresh blood, that heavy smell that overpowered one's nose and almost immediately triggered a gag reflex. To Copper's right, she heard Iota coughing somewhere in her own energy cloud. Dispersing hers, Copper looked past the blue haze and into the room. A bright red pool of blood, undoubtedly fresh, stood in the center. To her left, an intricately carved golden throne contrasted with the clean whites of the rest of the room, and the smooth black of their own obsidian thrones. Around it, blood soaked the floor in a square, making the stains appear obviously artificial. What drew her eye, and Iota's when she had gotten the head to disperse her cloud, was the thrones user.

The creature was short and reptilian, it's snout extending outward and culminating in long, thin nostrils. It's skin was brownish, dry, and scaly, with fresh wounds apparent underneath it's simple apparel. It wore a plane, brown linen tunic, stained heavily with blood, and a dagger lay sheathed on his side; unsurprisingly, the sheath was coated in dried blood. The kobold turned to the two ladies, it's golden orbs remaining inscrutable as they swept over the two. This was Armok, Warlock of Blood, and one of the few magical creatures potent enough to pose a threat to either of them. Iota nodded at Copperblaze, then extended her arm and index finger level to the gruesomely decorated koblod.

"Armok," she started dramatically, as the perceived temperature of the room heated up considerably. *"I challenge you to a game!"*

TIPS

Iotazeta, Witch of the Perpetual

They say that having the power of the perpetual, that Iotazeta has no beginning, and will never end.

Her strength is equaled by only that of her opposite, The Witch of Ending.

Iotazeta's realm is one where anything that has existence exists forever.

She has a childish personality, perhaps due to that fact that death does not exist for her.

Can one who exists forever be defeated?

If you want a character, think of this like a DF game, where 7 will be here initially. Magical beings off limits. Please specify upon making the character if it is ok for he or she to die.

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **scuba** on **November 08, 2009, 04:05:15 pm**

i wants a hammerdwarf named ascubis. he wont die but during a great battle he might vanish and come back to save everyone or someone. then he can die :)

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Keita** on **November 08, 2009, 04:36:08 pm**

Male marksdwarf named Sarpedon, Lonewanderer type and it's ok for him to die.

Can we request another charactre when ours die?

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **November 08, 2009, 10:15:27 pm**

Quote from: Metal Militia on November 08, 2009, 04:36:08 pm
Male marksdwarf named Sarpedon, Lonewanderer type and it's ok for him to die.
Can we request another charactre when ours die?

If you know the When they Cry series, you know that your character never dies, even if it does.

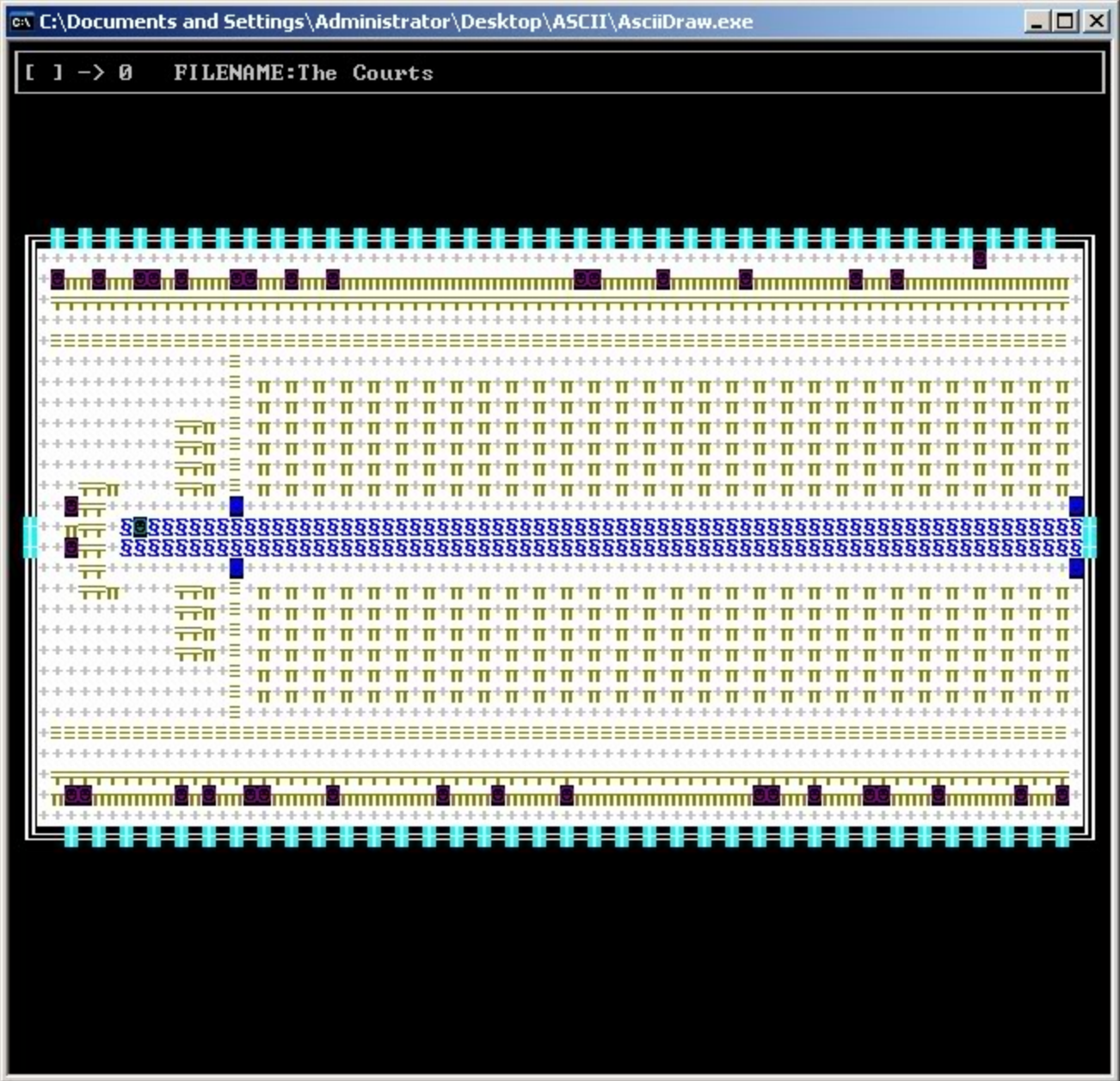
Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **November 10, 2009, 11:12:53 pm**

Having problems with ASCII Draw. Windows wont let me select the program when prompted for a program to open saved ASCII Draw files in, any time I try, it doesn't work. Can anyone help me with that?

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **November 11, 2009, 01:39:31 am**

Still need that answer, if anyone has it.

There were exactly two constants in the life of any dwarf that lived in Mountainhelm, capital of the illustrious Dwarven Empire. One, was that all nobility were never to be trusted or dealt with in any way, if at all possible. The second, a direct extension of the first, was that one had to avoid becoming entangled with the "justice" system of the mountainhome, perhaps the most direct way to drop oneself into the hypothetical mound of Elf dung. Unfortunately for this particular citizen, he had broken both constants on this day.



He glanced around the courtroom, a truly spectacular room with high, vaulted ceilings and fully tiled with alabaster imported from overseas, doors carved of brilliant aquamarine and shining the torchlight from the walls thought the room, creating an eerie atmosphere in the room where shadows were unusually elongated. The nobles shadows danced on the walls as they shuffled into their seats. The tables were only half occupied, but the amount of nobility summoned made him shiver slightly. He glanced behind him. A set of wooden bars divided the seating from his own area. The seats were utterly devoid of life, making the court seem unusually empty despite the movement elsewhere in the room. Two burly dwarves holding axes larger than he was tall stood in between the seats, only serving to make his feeling of dread worse. Finally, he glanced up at the judges massive table which towered over all present. He saw the judge already in place, giving silent orders to the clerk. They only did that when the outcome had been decided. But they hadn't started yet.

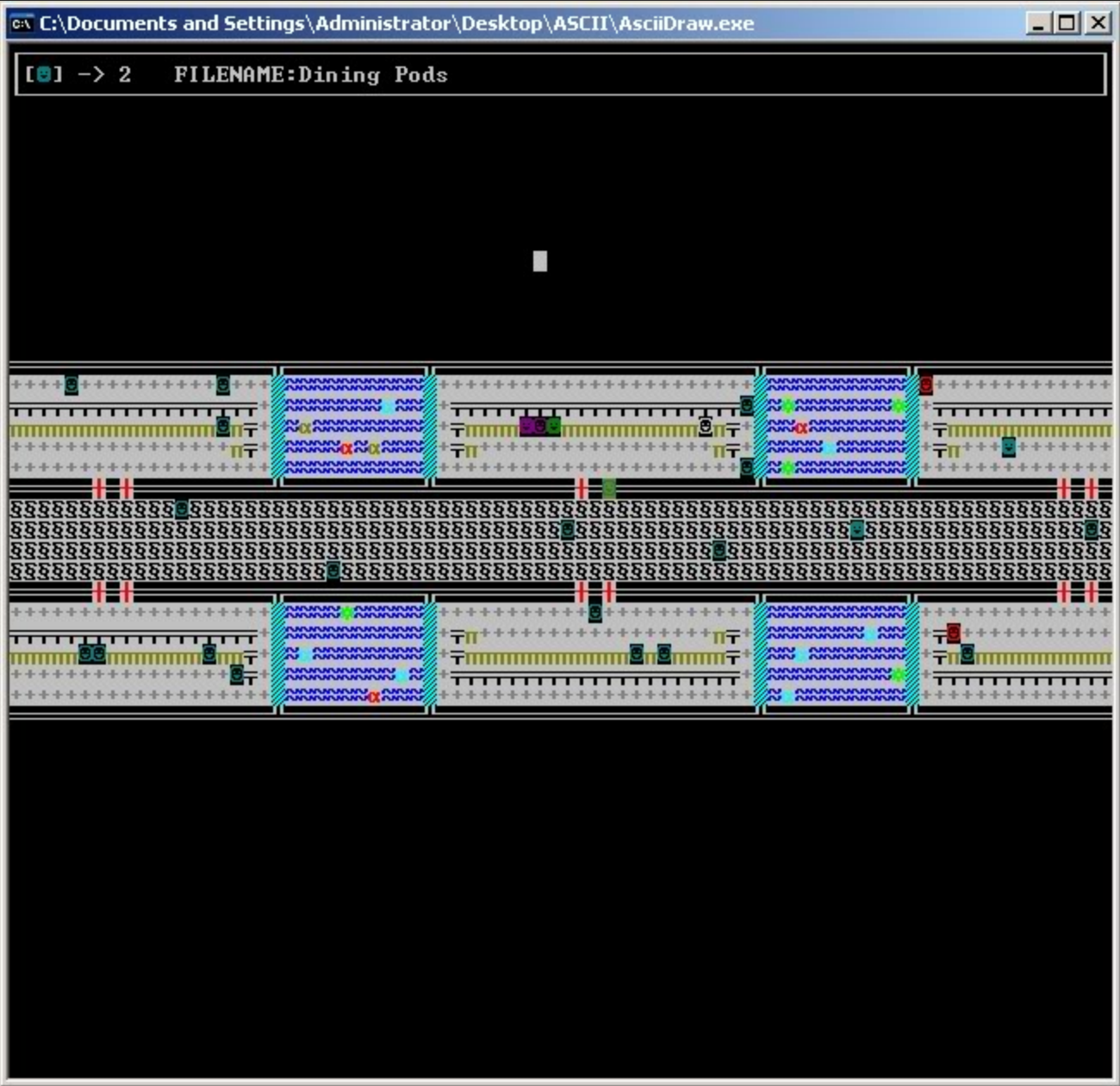
The nobles began to slide into their seats. The dwarf before the stand began to fidget, not having been allowed the luxury of a seat. The nobles were conversing in quiet tones, occasionally glancing at him as one would a disgusting bug. He tore his glance from them as he heard the deep tone of of the judge booming from above, his conversation with the clerk having ended. He ordered all to sit, his clerk, the remaining standing nobles, and even the guards taking the nearest available seats. Only he stood, quivering before the table before him. The judge locked eyes with him for the briefest of seconds, and in that moment, the man knew that he stood no chance. The cold blackness of the judges eyes told all. The moment seemed to last for a painful eternity, before the judge looked from him and begin reciting the standard code that all trials were to begin with. Each code fell, until at last, only the business at hand was left on the table. Slowly, all the nobles turned to consider him.

"Citizen 02065," he began with a monotone. "You stand accused by the state of violating twenty-one work orders issued by the duchess of Thorngrazes herself." To be accurate, he had violated twenty-one orders issued for amethyst encrusted chalices. He had little idea as to what a chalice was, let alone what amethyst was supposed to be. He was no metal smith, no jeweler, just a lowly assistant to a banker in Thorngrazes. How the duchess had linked her mandates to him, he would never know. But despite this extremely logical thought process that proved his innocence, the dark looks of the nobles and judge gave him the message to just remain silent in the hopes of escaping with his body intact. "How do you plead to these transgressions?" The impatient tone of the judge served as a massive, blaring arrow pointing to the obvious answer.

"Guilty on all the counts, sir." He murmured into his beard. The clerk, sitting near him, held up a finger which seemed to signify what he had just said to the nobility assembled. Almost immediately, as if they had just been spectators, not too far from the truth to be fair, the assembled nobles, lowly and high, all equally uncaring of this lowly assistants fate; began to shuffle back to their jeweled doors, and one by one, their shadows were swallowed up by the doors and the doors shut. The clerk made a few jots on a slab of rock with his finger, seemingly bored out of his mind. The guard behind him had begun a sparring session in the seats, their minds having wandered away despite the short time frame. No one, it seemed, cared for him. And no one did.

The judge leaned over, his expression one of practiced malice. It wasn't very convincing, but the assistant stopped twitching and almost immediately snapped to attention, as if a switch had been pulled. Seat trickled down his beard, and as he idly swatted at it, he wondered if this was his last day to live. Perhaps he could borrow some armor from the armories? It would cost him an arm and a leg, perhaps literally given the recent influx of insane dwarves screaming for the flesh of their kin, but that fate was still better than death by the mad hammerer. The mere thought of the man who laughed at the sight of blood getting a chance to spill his own blood made it curdle.

"You have two choices..." He began with an obvious attempt at being foreboding, "You may either take five hundred hammer strikes..." At this, the accused knew it was the other option. No armor in existence could keep five hundred hammer strikes from liquefying him. "Or become the leader of the new Painspikes expedition..."



The dining pods were the pride of Mountainhelm, built using enormous amounts of granite, years of hard peasant labor, even more enormous amounts of imported wood, obsidian, marine life, and the water they floated in, but the hybrid aquarium dining areas were a major attraction in the Empire, and popular with dignitaries from the Humans. A sober black carpet led to doors highlight of the affair, huge tanks held back by rare glass windows filled with colorful fish of all sorts. The dwarf sighed as he glanced at the wondrous sight, wondering if he would ever see anything like it again in his life.

The ironic thing was, his promotion to head of an expedition technically made him a noble, though the only thing this changed was that even more people than before avoided him, due to the universal adage that nobles were not to be trusted or dealt with. Ultimately, only two would hear him out, a chivalrous hammer dwarf named Ascubis, and Sarpedon, whom he had had trouble even communicating with. The two were with him, feasting on wild, fatty salmon and discussing their plans over a few flagons of rum and mead. Ascubis was outspoken in his desire to bring glory to the Empire and his people, and more than once did the leader have to remind him of his status. Sarpedon was silent and only slid away when asked for an opinion. Ultimately, they were able to get a haphazard course of action. They finished their meals, and the two went to prepare the wagon while their new boss tried to recruit more hands.

Several days later, after many dwarves finding last minute appointments or simply ignoring him, the new noble could only get four, relatively worthless hands to help out. Sarpedon had more character than these blank faces, but beggars couldn't be choosers, as the adage went. He would reunite with Ascubis, who had found an abandoned, rickety old wagon for them to use, not a looker by any means, but it would hopefully do. Sarpedon had found the animals, cryptically, he had said that he needed to trade an "arm and a leg" for them, though no one ever got the meaning of those words. Piling together all the money they had, since the nobles had not seen fit to give them anything, they managed to cram some cheap turtles, a pick, an axe, armor and weapons for Ascubis and Sarpedon, a couple of wine barrels, and a stray dog into the wagons. There was no space for them, so they simply walked in file; Ascubis and Sarpedon guarding in front with the horses, and everyone else behind.



Rain began to fall. An omen to all of them, but one they stomached because they had no choice. A metallic clanging behind them told them that the gates of Mountainhelm, cast of gold and reinforced with steel, had been shut behind them. As they made their way through the cold rain, the one thought that surely ran through all of their heads was that they would never see anything as great again.

TIPS

Copperblaze, Witch of the Ending

The Power of the Ending is said to darken ones heart and soul.

One who has this power knows when all things end, including that which she loves.

One day, she shall be the only one left.

Perhaps this is why Copperblaze has a heart cast of iron.

Iron heart, mind of steel, that which can not be beaten.

One thing I forgot to mention, furniture (magical beings minions) are open. You can chose a team of up to eight of them, but you must chose their association, theme (costume), and the name of each furniture. Up to **three** may currently exist.

Minions:(Overall group name,numbers)
Association:(Iotazeta, Copperblaze, Armok)
Theme:(Costume)
Name:(One for each member you have)

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Keita** on **November 11, 2009, 06:53:01 am**

Can I get a deamonick pack as my character is going to "die"?
Also what do you mean by custom? Like how they act?

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **November 11, 2009, 10:16:58 am**

Quote from: Metal Militia on November 11, 2009, 06:53:01 am
Also what do you mean by custom? Like how they act?

What they are dressed as. And could you give me their stats in advance?

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Keita** on **November 11, 2009, 10:56:37 am**

I'll just post and tell me what I'm doing wrong
Minions: The Buring Halo
Association: Armok
Theme: Shock troops for Armok, called down to the real in case his medelling makes 'unintentional' results. They appear to most mortals as an empty suit of armour, scribed with words that mortals were not meant to set eyes on. To creatures with magical abilities can see the true horror of whats to come (so that you can be creative with what you want the to be like)
Name: Gruthen (leader), Enureth, Kanndras, Vas'quad

If they're too uder then change them, I'm thinking that they have a weakness like they can't enter a place not under Armok's domain and/or weak to ceartain types of magic etc

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **November 11, 2009, 12:01:26 pm**

Quote from: Metal Militia on November 11, 2009, 10:56:37 am

I'll just post and tell me what I'm doing wrong

Minions: The Buring Halo
Association: Armok
Theme: Shock troops for Armok, called down to the real in case his medelling makes 'unintentional' results. They appear to most mortals as an empty suit of armour, scribed with words that mortals were not meant to set eyes on. To creatures with magical abilities can see the true horror of whats to come (so that you can be creative with what you want the to be like)
Name: Gruthen (leader), Enureth, Kanndras, Vas'quad

If they're too uder then change them, I'm thinking that they have a weakness like they can't enter a place not under Armok's domain and/or weak to ceartain types of magic etc

Ok thats good. Thank you.

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **scuba** on **November 11, 2009, 07:42:35 pm**

minions: The Lost Message
association: Copperblaze
Theme the lost guards of Olunkulet . All covered in head to toe with steel armor which has seen many battles but feels like the day it was first made. Each piece has been polished black except one shoulder which remains a light blue color in honor of their homeland. Each soldier etched their own designs in them and no suit is the same.
names: browynn(female leader), Blammor, Eth, Cinisias

if anything needs to be changed tell me and i will.

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **November 11, 2009, 07:57:25 pm**

Quote from: scuba on November 11, 2009, 07:42:35 pm

minions: The Lost Message
association: Copperblaze
Theme the lost guards of Olunkulet . All covered in head to toe with steel armor which has seen many battles but feels like the day it was first made. Each piece has been polished black except one shoulder which remains a light blue color in honor of their homeland. Each soldier etched their own designs in them and no suit is the same.
names: browynn(female leader), Blammor, Eth, Cinisias

if anything needs to be changed tell me and i will.

Good as well. Thank you.

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **November 11, 2009, 08:18:54 pm**

Quote from: Katsuun on November 10, 2009, 11:12:53 pm

Having problems with ASCII Draw. Windows wont let me select the program when prompted for a program to open saved ASCII Draw files in, any time I try, it doesn't work. Can anyone help me with that?

Can anyone help me with this issue? I really don't want to have to redo each drawing I make by hand, if at all possible.

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **filiusenox** on **November 11, 2009, 09:40:15 pm**

Is Filenox still alive? and is he the king of the Empire?

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **November 11, 2009, 10:09:31 pm**

A cameo is planned, but they wont appear in a major way, sorry.

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Jervous** on **November 11, 2009, 10:14:51 pm**

Katsuun! I trade you an explanation for a cameo in your stories!

To load saved asciidraw files, drag them onto the AsciiDraw exe. That should load them up.

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Keita** on **November 12, 2009, 09:37:55 am**

If ^that^ doesn't work then right click, open with... then click choose program and then to were ACSII draw is

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **filiusenox** on **November 12, 2009, 06:41:49 pm**

Whos power has night in it?

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **scuba** on **November 12, 2009, 08:27:38 pm**

i have no idea how to fix the drawing thingy.. never used it before :s

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **November 12, 2009, 09:56:40 pm**

Quote from: Jervous on November 11, 2009, 10:14:51 pm

Katsuun! I trade you an explanation for a cameo in your stories!

To load saved asciidraw files, drag them onto the AsciiDraw exe. That should load them up.

It works! IT WORKS!!!!

Yes you can have a cameo. A full time character if you want. Heck, I'll even give you a magical character if you so wish.

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **November 12, 2009, 09:57:04 pm**

Quote from: filiusernox on November 12, 2009, 06:41:49 pm
Whos power has night in it?

What do you mean by this?

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **filiusernox** on **November 13, 2009, 06:39:10 pm**

Whos domain has night in it?
Who has control of night?

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **November 13, 2009, 08:24:57 pm**

I got additional updates in this week because of Veteran's Day, but expect the pace to slow down to one or twice a week from now on.

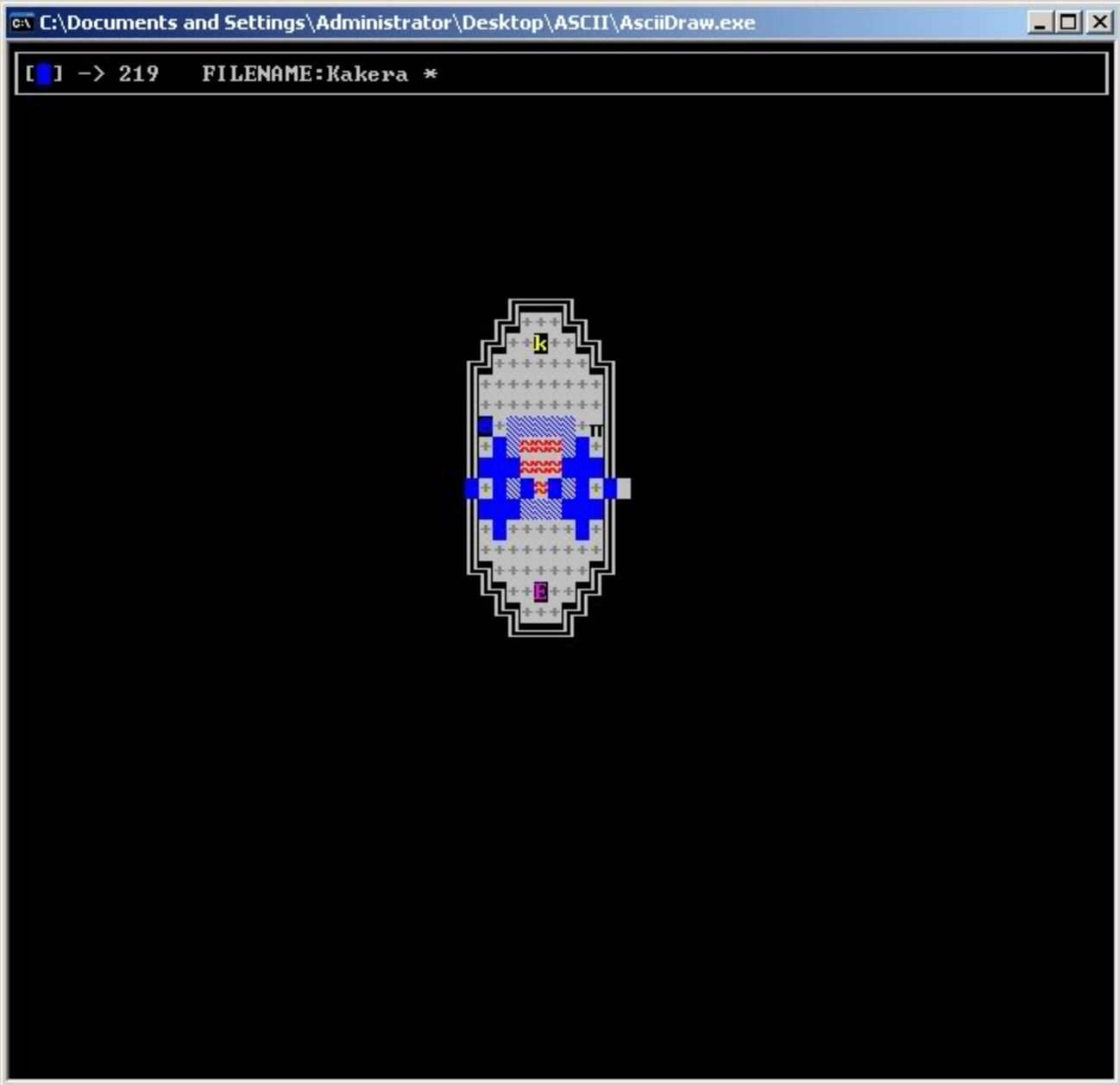


Armok slowly got to his feet, the dried blood on the floor around his throne and on his person evaporating into a fine, reddish mist and dissipating as he did so. There he silently stood, contemplating the pointing Iotazeta across from him, a stony, silent stare that met the elf's equally stoic gaze. Copperblaze looked from one, to the other, as they stood affixed to the spot as if trees rooted to the ground of the throne room. Armok and Iotazeta simply stood there, regarding each other silently as Iotazeta's hand slowly dropped to her side. Iotazeta repeated herself. Armok simply stared. He seemed to be contemplating a response, his tail slowly dragging itself around on the air as he continued to regard the elven witch with no discernible emotion. Iotazeta and Copperblaze exchanged quick glances, and both were on the verge of leaving, until the Kobold finally spoke.

"Of course." He uttered in a monotone. "A standard game to be played with pieces on the material plane, correct?" Taken aback by the sudden departure from silence, the two witches regarding him merely nodded. Iotazeta took a moment to compose herself, smoothing out her dress, adjusting her hat with minute gestures, before taking a breath and speaking.

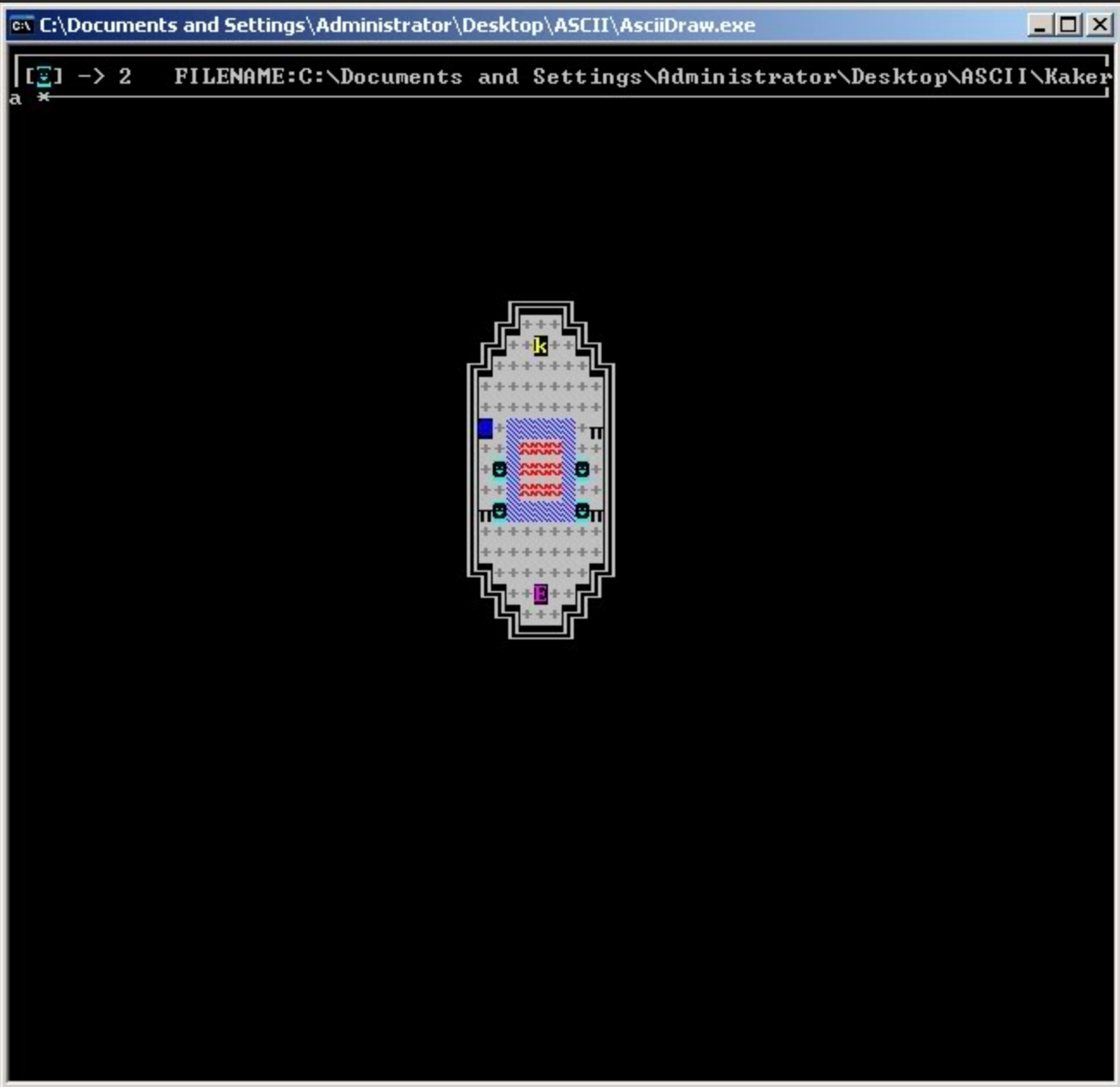
"A game between myself and you, Armok, Warlock of Blood." She began, carefully stating Armok's title as was custom amongst the powerful magical beings of the multiverse. "Copperblaze shall then challenge the winner, being the strongest of us present." She nodded at Copperblaze, who returned the gesture with a grimace. As usual, it seemed that Iotazeta had orchestrated the event for her own pleasure more than their mutual enjoyment, but Copperblaze expected nothing less from her childish, if cunning, rival. Returning her gaze to Armok, she continued, "The game shall be held on the Material Plane, and shall be a contest that involves us, directly or otherwise." She paused, let the information settle, then concluded by asking Armok, "Do you accept these terms, Armok, Warlock of Blood?"

Armok turned to Copperblaze, and pointed at her. "Copperblaze, we will need a witness for the contract of our competition." Witches and Warlocks were tricky creatures, well versed in the Universal legal languages and the art of bypassing and weaving around them. Thus, it was usually acceptable to call upon a third-part witness to observe all rules and interpret them as a neutral bystander, to prevent loopholes from being exploited by the competitors due to differing interpretations of a given agreement. "Since you are participating in this round of games, perhaps you can summon a minion to act as an interpreter for us?." Minions were bound to certain universal rules, one of them being that unless their master was directly threatened, they had to be neutral parties in all proceedings they observed, thus making them ideal witnesses. Copperblaze nodded her head curtly in agreement, then clicked her fingers together and snapped. As the crisp sound of the snap resounded about the throne room, flashes of blue light came into being.



The flares of light expanded until they filled a good portion of the room, blinding the three beings present with their brilliance. One by one, the clouds dissipated until they revealed their contents, four armor-clad dwarves standing in the midst of the blue haze. The armor they wore was a shade of black, polished to the point where it looked as if forged only yesterday, except for a worn portion that appeared bluish in color. Each had unique designs displayed on their armor, and the most elaborate was worn by a female dwarf who looked as if she had seen many battles in her time, in life and in service to the magical beings. The female dwarf with the elaborate armor, who seemed to be the leader, turned to Copperblaze and bowed.

"The Lost Message at your service, madame Copperblaze."



The rest of the group turned to Copperblaze and bowed in unison, smooth and regulated gestures that made them seem like clocks, rigid and coldly efficient. Copperblaze raised her left hand, the symbol for them to relax, and they settled into a standing position. The violet-haired dwarf examined her minions as one would a pet who they didn't particularly care for, and the four dwarves standing began to tremble and sweat under her scrutiny. All knew that their very existence had been given to them, and could be easily taken, by the Witch of Ending. Armok and Iotazeta watched the scene with indifference, idly glancing around as Copperblaze began issuing her orders. "You are to listen to the statements that my counterparts give," she said in a practiced monotone as she indicated Armok and Iotazeta with jerks of her head. "Listen to them as a neutral party, commit their words to memory, and be prepared to relinquish this information to me upon all subsequent summonings, until I expressly give you permission to cease doing so."

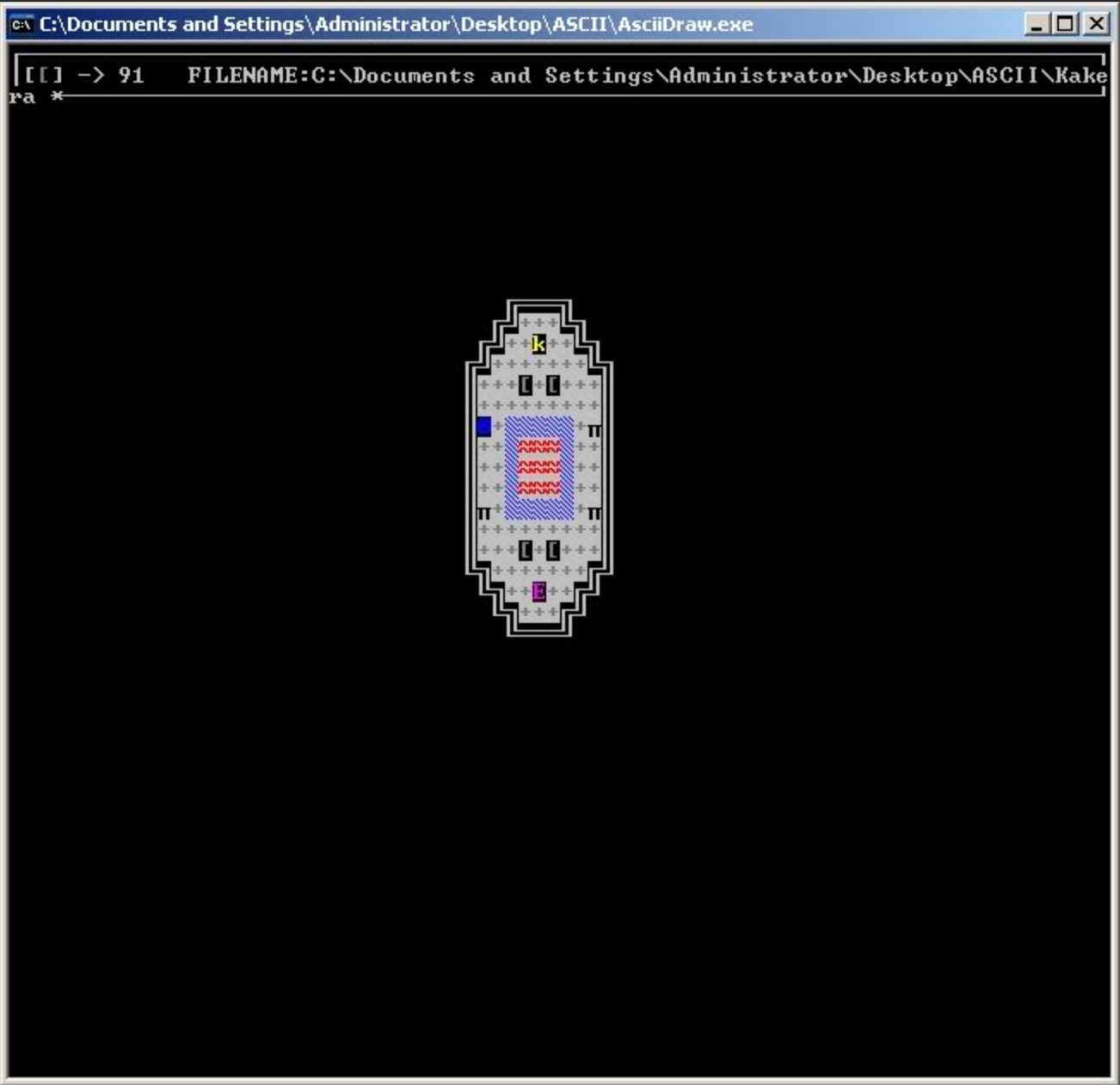
"Yes madame Copperblaze, we shall do so with all of our ability!" Browynn, as the leader was known, snapped to attention as she shouted out her affirmative in a bark. Copperblaze nodded, then weakly flourished a hand, indicating to Armok that he could continue. Armok took his seat as he had been standing for the preceding events, then adjusted his positioning to align him directly with Iotazeta, who still sat

on her obsidian chair, glancing around the room and at her counterparts. The Kobold cleared it's throat, a rough noise that rang harsh on the ears of all present, before beginning his exposition.

His letters began to shimmer faintly in the air with an inflection of his power, glaring faintly red in the air around him as he spoke, only to evaporate and be replaced by his next words. *"From this point, until the culmination of this game, all of our evidence and conclusions shall be stated in this styling. All statements that pertain to the case must be proved in the aforementioned style, and all rebuttals to any given statements likewise. Proof is something that we can observe, or logically infer, though the opponent is allowed refute the proof with logic or observations of his or her own."* He paused and waited for Iotazeta, who nodded in response. The Lost Message moved their lips in unison, apparently trying to commit the exact wording to memory, though looking vaguely unprofessional in the process. *"I shall allow you, Iotazeta, to state the terms of the game,"* Armok concluded, his monotone having held thought the explanation. The members of Lost Message took the time to discuss the interpretation amongst themselves, and the magical beings held their tongues for the furniture to finish.

Finally, they broke the impromptu huddle they had formed and nodded to Iotazeta, who almost immediately spoke, in an exited rush. *"The game shall be played with simple rules. The combatants shall each pick a piece upon the given game board, which shall represent their interests and be directly controllable by the being who the piece represents. None of the combatants shall know what characters on the board are each others pieces. That is the object game, to ascertain the identity of the others piece and directly slay them. The killing must be direct, planned by the piece of the opponent, to count as victory. Indirect manipulation of events on the board is allowed, as long as the actual killing is directly planned or caused by the opponent's piece."* *"Do you accept these terms?"* Iotazeta finished, slowed as she mastered her excitement and turned to address Armok. He nodded, his tail bobbing slightly with the motion. The Lost Message had already finished, and nodded in unison to Iotazeta, who smiled slightly as acknowledgment.

"These terms are accepted by all parties, Armok, Warlock of Blood, Iotazeta, Witch of the Perpetual, and myself, Witch of the Ending. These terms have been interpreted by a neutral party, The Lost Message, furniture of Copperblaze." Copperblaze muttered, then snapped , dismissing her own minions to their residences on her own demipane. As they went, a new group appeared, without the flash of power that signified materialization, implying that they had been lurking somewhere on Armok's plane the whole time. They were suits of armor without inhabitants, dark in color, but with symbols crudely splattered across their breasts. The symbols were incomprehensible to mortals, but all present knew the meaning of the symbols.



"The Burning Halo, infamous for the cruel and truly horrid fate they inflict upon mortals," Iotazeta said with more than a hint of admiration tinging her voice. *"Excellent acquisition Armok!"* She beamed at Armok, who shriveled her look and mood with a cold stare. Armok nodded at the armor, who touched the blood pool in the room. From it, an image, seemingly frozen in time, emerged and interposed itself into the air. It showed a mountainside, a group of dwarves in a caravan, all seemingly miserable. Copperblaze and Iotazeta scutinized the image, and Armok stood, a smile faint on his snout.

"Ladies... the game board..."



TIPS

Armok, Warlock of Blood

A magical being, surpassed in power by none by Iotazeta and Copperblaze

One of the more well known to the mortals of the Material Plane

Perhaps it is because their veins run with the viscous material that is Armok's power

Feared by his peers, in a way, even by his two superiors, for his shadowy motives in life.

The dark blood that flows in the veins of all.

Ending Theme-La Divina Tragedia (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rgwQXlteeWc>)

NEXT EPISODE: Electron Cloud Model

Ok, HINT TIME. In this episode, there are two important hints for the "metagame", that is, the intellectual game that exists between the witches and does not involve the mortals in any way. There are also a few false hints, just to keep it from being easy. In the future, pay attention to TIPS, because I will slide some of the biggest hints in there. (Not now, these are just flavor TIPS).

Thanks to all reading so far!

[MODIFY]: Called Copperblaze Bernkastel... techincally correct, but it gives away to much to anyone who knows Umineko well...

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Keita** on **November 14, 2009, 12:35:02 pm**

That was awesome stuff Katsuun. I hope you don't mind me glossing over the tips as I don't want to possibly work out the story plots before they begin.

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **November 15, 2009, 10:21:34 am**

Quote from: filiusernox on November 13, 2009, 06:39:10 pm

Whos domain has night in it?
Who has control of night?

Nobody that I've made.

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **November 17, 2009, 11:03:19 pm**

Working on an Umineko-style portrait for Iotazeta to use as my "OP" Picture. I suck as a drawer, but I think it will be ready in time for the next episode. All cameos I was asked for will occur in this episode.

Weeks of travel through the harsh winter climes of the mountains wore heavily on the small caravan of dwarves as they solemnly trudged through the snow encrusted slopes, each silent as he thought his own thoughts, mindless of the frost that grew on their beards or clothes. The horses pulled the wagon along, it's steady creaks and the occasional sharp bark of the dog being the only sounds that accompanied them on this brutal journey to their forced homes. Forced for the leader anyways; while Ascubis and Sarpedon and the four nameless peasants they had recruited were willing, perhaps they were rethinking their choices as they blindly trudged though the biting snow, seeking their destination with little anticipation.

When the snow drifts began to dissipate and the band of dwarves finally able to feel their extremities again, they knew that they were coming close to their final stop, their appointed homes for as long as they would draw breath, perhaps not long, if their current experience was anything to go by. The warm sun would mockingly beat down on them as they continued their silent march to their fates, passing through plains, forests alike to find the culmination of their miserable journey. Even here, in the warmth of the sun did they speak little, their mouths remaining shut and obscured by their beards, which would sweat with the heat of the sun and only further discomfort the dwarves. The density of trees grew thicker, the land lusher and more verdant, and the dwarves would ultimately arrive at the site the map marked as Painspikes. A gentle, rolling hill stretched out before them, trees dotted the landscape as far as the eyes could see. The land looked neat and trimmed, almost as if artificially done so. And as the dwarves continued to appraise the land that they now held, they knew why.

In the center of the landscape, an impossibly tall tree, trunk suspiciously smoothed down and polished to shimmer in the light of the sun, stood at the center of the forest. It dominated the landscape, it's sheer size making it stand stark to the rest of the rest of the serene landscape, a beacon that drew all eyes to itself. Even the dwarves, masters of all building, had no choice but to marvel at the sheer size and glory of the tree that unfolded before them, impressively catching the light of the trees through it's lush foliage. And yet, the tree seemed to be just that. A building, something that was of artifical, versus natural creation. The dwarves fell in line, scrutinizing the wonder as their wagon finally screeched to a stop... and at last, they knew the truth as the detected the scents, heard the shouts, laughter.

Elves.



Lacking the means to do anything else, they began to disassemble the wagon and pull out the objects they had crammed into it, including the dog which appeared to have nearly been crushed by a barrel, faintly whimpering as it was dragged out into the sunlight. Their rations were meager, food old and stale, tools blunt and rusted. Ascubis suggested butchering the horses, who would have been useless anyways, and his new, pathetic hammer got it's first usage as it cracked open the skulls of the two equines. They cut up the corpses into portions which the wrapped in leaves and haphazardly stored in the less cramped barrels. Leaving the corpses in in a pile to rot, they rapidly pulled out what remained of their supplies, which considering the amount that they had been able to afford, amounted to little. Leaving the rations, arms, and still cowering dog in place, they started up a campfire and began to discuss their plan of action over a few hearty drinks and some of the choice cuts of their former mounts.

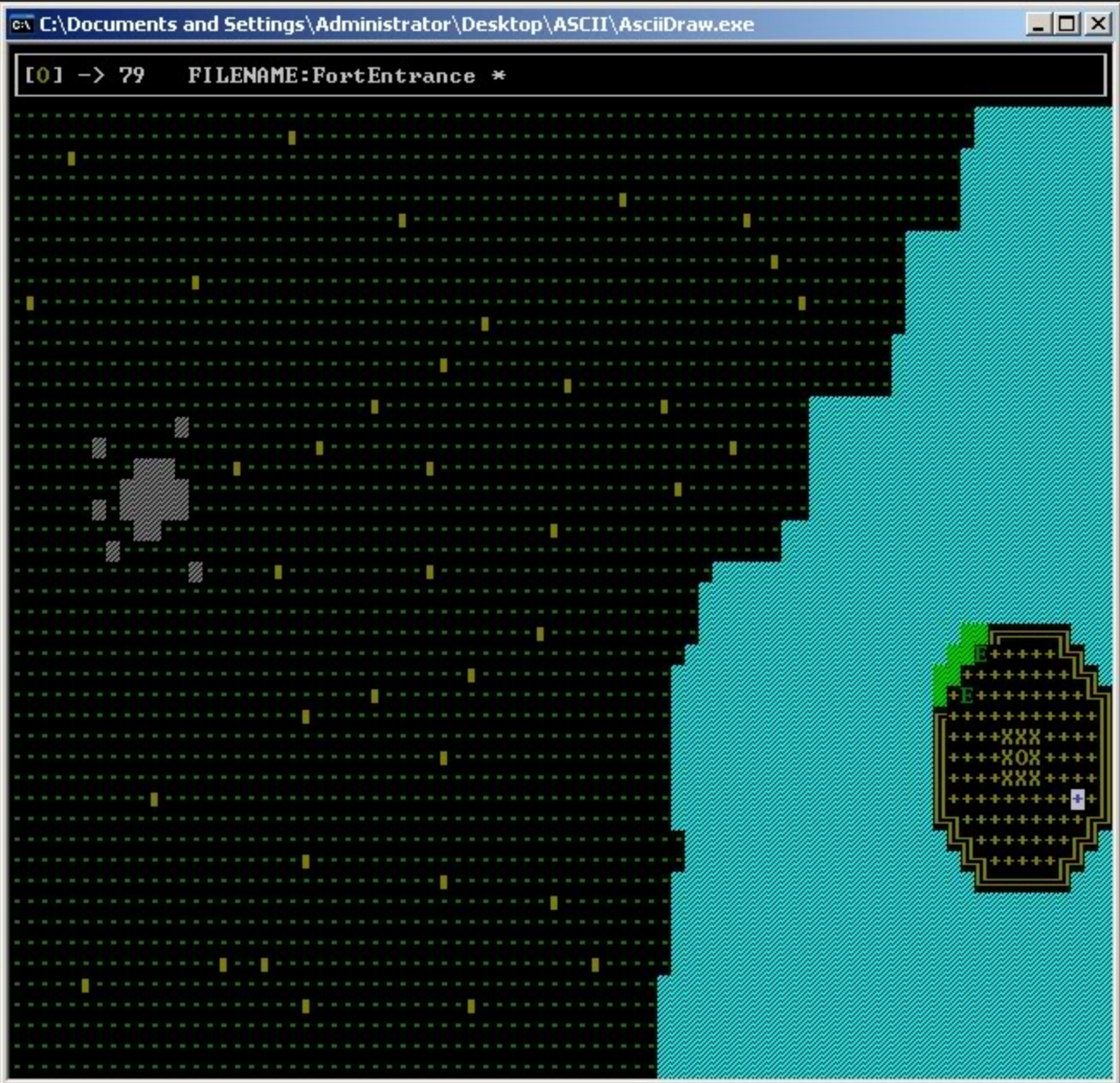


As one of their number started cutting down trees at the command of their leader with their one axe, another offered, *"Best we just slaughter the elves and get it over with."* His proposition was met with a round of cheers and a toast or two, which Sarpedon patiently waited out, standing stock still outside of the campfire circle, before turning and voicing his argument.

"A death wish if there was ever one." He silently eyed all of the dwarves huddled around the campfire, his taciturn gaze silencing their laughter and leaving them only to stare back. He nodded curtly at their expedition leader before continuing. *"We have neither the manpower nor the weaponry to challenge the Elves yet."* As Ascubis opened his mouth to argue, the cold marksdwarf cut in before he could speak, *"Be it that the elves are completely useless and pathetic, that does not change the fact that they have forces that we can't yet deal with."* He waited to see if anyone would challenge him. Sensing nothing, he turned, his advice given, back to scrutinizing the great tree once more.

Ascubis stood and made his own proposition. *"It pains me to say it, but I unfortunately must agree with my colleague on this matter. We have not the ability to fight on even terms with the elven peoples yet."* A few groans from the assembled peasants and a chorus of jeers directed at the elves tree. Ascubis nodded slightly, then continued, *"I propose that we get underground and wait for the fall forces that the Mountainhomes are to send to evaluate our progress. With their help, we should be able to clear this land of the scum of the elves and claim it for our own!"* A rousing cheer that flared up through the dwarves, Ascubis himself included, and a frenzy of drinking that followed. Ascubis called to Sarpedon, who seemed to be carefully analyzing the foliage of the trees for something.

"Yes... I suppose I will..." He turned his back to the tree and was warmly greeted by Ascubis with a tankard and a rousing chorus of Dwarven folksongs and battle cries.



"Pah... damn dwarves. Do they take us for total fools?" From a distance, two elven rangers spied on the dwarves through the vaguely translucent foliage, the sunlight streaming through with enough intensity to allow the elves a peek at all occurrences outside, but not vice versa. The elves could safely scrutinize the dwarves with no indication of their presence. "If our bows only had more range..." The ranger, Filuse, wistfully muttered.

"Patience Filuse. The dwarves will get their comeuppance for settling on and desecrating our lands." His counterpart, Jervous, muttered back. They brushed aside some of the heavier leaves to get a better view of the intruders, and found to their disgust that they had already begun lumber operations on their lands, a lone dwarf furiously hacking away at one of the trees before their very eyes. "We must bring this issue to Druidess Elyise at once. With her power, those rock heads down there will stand little chance of survival." Filuse nodded at Jervous, and they turned from their quarry, who had already been obscured by the smoke of their campfire that draped over their site like a thick blanket, and were beginning for the stairwell when Filuse suddenly halted the pair of them.

"I doubt the rest of our village knows... it is only from this vantage point that they are clearly visible. Should we alert them?" Jervous shook his head. A panic would only make their job harder. Besides, no one they knew alive could defeat Elyise. A conflict was fated between the two... and much sooner that the dwarves could have possibly expected...

TIPS:

- A heart of gold shall only sink.
- A heart of silver as well.
- Cast these precious metals from your soul, lest it sink into the fiery abyss.
- Trust only a heart of iron, rigid and firm in it's convictions.
- It too may sink, but the fires of hell shall not crush it.
- Ancient Dwarven Proverb.

Nothing interesting or important yet, but I promise it will get more interesting really soon.

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Keita** on **November 18, 2009, 04:56:13 pm**

I like my characture, ON WITH THE JOURNALS!

From the journal of Sarpedon
After days of inhospitable cold we end up in a swelteringly hot woodland inhabited with elves. While the rest are going to sit it out intill our forces grow, I'm a little on edge. I've fought Elvesmany times and little gets past them in there domain, it's quiet possible that they might know we're here already. I wouldn't put it passed those pointy pricks.

Well after getting drunk a while I stagered over to the cart and managed a few hours sleep before being wocken up by nightmares of past ordieals with Elves...

...Oh Gilmoreth, why did you have to take that arrow?

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **filiusenoX** on **November 18, 2009, 07:51:15 pm**

...
Elves?

I have shamed my latin name!

((good story so far))

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **scuba** on **November 18, 2009, 08:21:37 pm**

YES!! what metal militia said :P

journal:
first day of finally finding a suitable place to settle and I already had to kill some elves. why cant those armok damned creatures go die in the trees. But Sarpedon made a good point. We don't have the man power... or equipment to take on the elves. With the death of 2 of their kind they have been warned. Stay away. But Sarpedon seems distracted. I saw him gazing at the trees like something was there so i decided to bring him a drink to clear his mind. Hopefully we get along 'cause we have a long time to spend together and hating each other will make this stay so much longer.

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **November 18, 2009, 09:06:17 pm**

Quote from: [filiusenoX on November 18, 2009, 07:51:15 pm](#)

...
Elves?

I have shamed my latin name!

((good story so far))

Heh sorry, but you never specified WHAT you wanted to appear as. ;)

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **scuba** on **November 19, 2009, 11:49:56 am**

LOL! maybe i wont kill u filiusenoX :P

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **November 20, 2009, 09:58:25 pm**

Leaders Journal, 4th of Granite:

We have sucessfully dug out meager quarters in this elven hellhole of a land, the peasents being assigned to mine out the sand layer that lies beneath the overly lush surface. They actually managed to get strong enough to dig through stone without constantly whining about pain or injury, and uncovered a limonite vein running through our deisgnated workspace, meaning that we'll have iron on hand for any metal working we want to do. There is a massive caldera that we passed getting here, up in the mountains, so there should be magma around here somewhere underground, though there are plenty of trees for us to harvest if we so choose. The Elves have been quiet, I think they might not have even noticed us coming in, since we moved everything downstares as quickly as possible, keeping with Ascubis' plan of staying hidden.

Sarpedon has been spending much time on recon duty on the surface, and I suspect him of stealing from our larders? I mean, why the hell do we need a "recon" duty anyways? It's not like we are in any particular danger...

Surface:

Ascubis shut their rough limestone doors behind him, sealing out the rowdy shouting of the peasents that scurried around doing their various menial labors. Heavily slogging up the stairwell in his old set of rusty armors, he emerged on the surface, instinctively shutting his eyes at the harsh brightness of the sun, before putting a meaty hand to his eyebrows and finding his quarry; Sarpedon, who was standing idly at his post, his crossbow loosely held in his hands. Ascubis barked a greeting, trudging his way through the thick grasses to where Sarpedon stood, plating himself firmly on the ground and staring at the great tree with Sarpedon. They stood in silence for a few seconds, before Sarpedon finally broke the silence.

"The village is oddly quiet. I think that the townspeople have been called to a point of their settlement father within for some sort of festival, judging by the loudness of their shouts." Indeed, a vauge sort of hum could be heard in the distance, and the high pitched shrieks of happy children and droll crys of merchants could be picked out if one listened closely enough. Ascubis nodded, and took the time to make his response.

"It is as if they are preparing for something, and moving the village away from what could possibly happen. More than a tad ominous, if you ask me. " Sarpedon nodded his agreement, and the two soliders stood there, silently contemplating the great tree with only the distant chorus of the elves echoing through the silence. The tree leaves rustled, a vauge breeze idly whistling through them. It was a tired day, the sort where the weather was hot enough to induce drowsiness, but not a wink of sleepiness came to the two vigilant dwarves. They merely stood there, listening to the quiet whisper of the leaves. A rustle or two. And then more. "Wait, " began Ascubis, "I belive something is-"

The rest of his words died with the wind as three elves materialized before them. There were three, two shaved elven men armed with wooden bows and large, sharpened swords made of some rock, and a female with wispy blonde, waist legnth hair leaning on a beautifully carved quarterstaff. Their expressions were unreadable, but all three seemed to radiate cold auras that expressed their murderous intent; the tempurature of the air seemed to have dropped by ten degrees. Ascubis snarled, Sarpedon was already loading a bolt onto his crossbow. Ascubis groped around his back until he found the handle of his hammer, and expertly pulled it from it's sling on his back with a fluid motion. Next to him, crossbow done winding, Sarpedon stood at the ready. The both stood, tensely awaiting their next action.



"No words for us? Crude puns perhaps?" The female in the center smiled at the dwarves, who simply held their ground. "Come now, I assume you know why we are here right? A little chat with our new neighbors, who so kindly invited themselves onto our land..." Her eloquent speech did not fool the dwarves for a second, ad they could sense the icyness of each syllable directed at them. One of the males, who seemed to have a twitch of some sort, turned impatiently to the female.

"They know why we are here madame Elyise. Let us get the slaughter over with already!" He kicked at a stone. The dwarves grips on their weapons instinctivly tightened. The female elf regarded her underling with a bored glance. She turned to regard her enemy, her dark gaze settling over both of them in turn. Sarpedon made a meanacing flourish with his crossbow. The two men began to reach for their quivers, deftly drawing and nocking arrows. The female glanced about her, apparently bored, the suddenly lifted and subsequently slammed her quarterstaff into the ground. Power radiated in a cloud from about her, and the trees in a ring around her suddenly began to uproot. Ascubis and Sarpedon both grimaced and took a half-step backwards. Druids were notoriously powerful and hard to kill, and that this display of power didn't even seem to make this "Elyise" sweat made the pair nervous. Treants began to pull themselves to their feet-

like roots, turning to "face" the dwaves; an unsettling sight, as they lacked heads.

The female gave a slight nod as her cloud began to disperse. *"Now we may begin."*

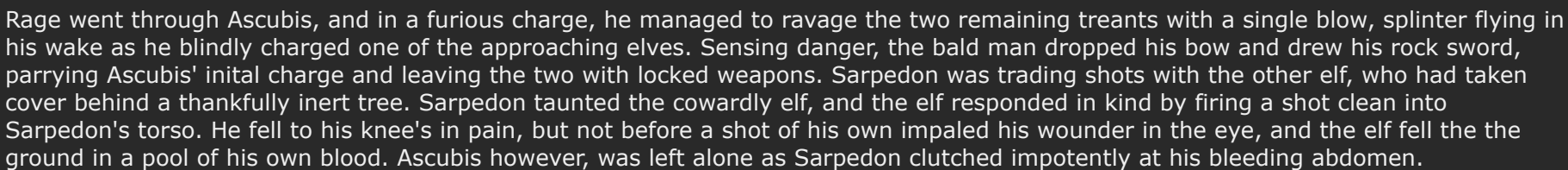
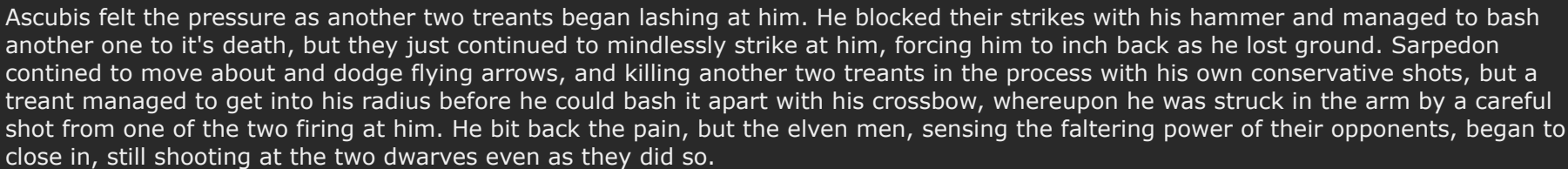
Background Music-Name Unknown (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EhNzAXhDbfo>)



Almost before the command was uttered, the treants started to swarm towards the pair. Ascubis uttered a ferocious war cry, brandished his hammer, and began to charge in earnest. Sarpedon and his elven counterparts began to let fly with their arrows, and a bolt struck a treant in what appeared to be a vital spot, making it bleed some sort of viscous blood as it fell on the spot. Hails of arrows began to fly between the sides, creating odd shadows that traversed the battlefield before striking their target, sometimes missing... and other times not.



In the midst of the arrows and bolts, the head of the treant swarm came into contact with Ascubis, mouth wide open in an unending cry of fury. The crack of his hammer resounded as he slammed it into the leader of the treants, the raw strength of his blow sending the tree man flying, a trail of blood splattering upon the ground as it flew. His next blow almost immediately claimed two more, before a fourth managed to get within range and start clawing at him. Sarpedon meanwhile, skillfully strafed in place as arrows directed at him whizzed about him. He let fly with an aimed shot of his own, being grazed by a lucky shot in the time he stopped, but claiming the life of yet another treant.





The standing male boldly fought, but in vain against a furious dwarf, and soon he was rotting in his own blood alongside his former freind. Only Elyise was left, and Ascubis issued a thundering curse at the druidess. She had been standing stock still, observing events as they unfolded, seemingly unaffected by the loss of her two companions. She sighed, a pratically silent sigh that even she couldn't hear, but the wind itself seemed determined to act on her behalf. It whipped around Ascubis, who brought up a hand to shield his eyes. Vines suddenly erupted from the earth, bloody dirt flying as the vines wrapped themselves around a furiously struggling Ascubis, struggling to no avail. The wind died down, and all that could be heard was Elyises silent tone.

"You thought you could settle on our lands... defile our trees..." Elyise stared Ascubis down, her cold eyes and his own furious expression meeting. Her smile had disappeared, her tone was darker. Despite himself, Ascubis shivered. Sarpedon continued to writhe in pain. "They say that when a dwarf dies, they become part of the earth from where they came. " She was practically whispering now, and yet, everyone still alive could perfectly hear her. And suddenly, she erupted, her eyes flaring as she began to move faster than should have been possible, quarterstaff raised as she blazed toward Ascubis, her expression demented. **"Perhaps when you die, your body will return to the earth and feed all you destroyed!"** She closed in, and Ascubis could see, as if in slow motion, her arm tensing for the final blow. He tried to shut his eyes, but found that he could only stare in horror as the elf closed in.

Strike.



The vines hold on Ascubis released, and he fell as the corpse of Elyise flew past, rolling on the ground and pushing at a treant's corpse before finally coming to rest in an undignified heap atop a treants corpse. Her chest had been impaled with a bolt, and Sarpedon, still wincing from his wounds, had his crossbow pointed unsteadily at the once breathing druidess. Ascubis took the time to gratefully nod before collapsing on the spot. Sarpedon followd short, and the wind gently blew over them as they lay, dead and barely alive alike, upon

the bloodied grounds that had been witness to gruesome battle. And one perfectly living subject as well.

Elven children often played catch with stones that littered the ground. One stone had landed atop the mesa. And one female child had come to claim it. Her eyes bore witness to the sight, and the silent scream that she made was swept up by the wind as well.



TIPS-

Electron Cloud Model-

Visual model that shows the probable locations of an electron within it's defined orbitals, versus any fixed location.

Where is the electron? Where is the peice? You'll never know.

CLIFFHANGER.

Ok, so I don't have many characters... are that many people even reading this? I also need Iotazeta's furniture still... Thanks to those who have been following the story.

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Keita** on **November 21, 2009, 10:56:32 am**

Thats some awesome writing (not to metion music) will be waiting for update.

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **scuba** on **November 21, 2009, 01:20:00 pm**

not sure how to link up my sig to a thread but i pasted this thread in my sig as an advertisement :)

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **November 21, 2009, 01:25:21 pm**

[url={link url}] name of link [/url]

Thats how you link it.

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **scuba** on **November 21, 2009, 02:15:02 pm**

ahhh thx

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **November 21, 2009, 04:16:04 pm**

No, you put the URL in the {Link URL}, give the link a name, and put all spaced areas together.

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **scuba** on **November 21, 2009, 10:03:47 pm**

oooooh oop :D

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **scuba** on **November 21, 2009, 10:12:25 pm**

hopefully i got it but i dont know cause when i try to open it it says unable to open page :(

nvm i cant get it >:(i hate this right about now

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Nicpon** on **November 22, 2009, 04:46:13 am**

Code: [Select]

[url=http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=36678.1651]NAME[/url]

Gives you:
NAME (http://www.bay12games.com/forum/index.php?topic=36678.165l)

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **scuba** on **November 22, 2009, 09:44:26 am**

NIPCON!!!! YOU ARE MY SAVIOR!!! lol but thx really ^^)

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **November 22, 2009, 11:29:17 am**

Yes, thank you. I was having trouble explaining it myself.

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **scuba** on **November 22, 2009, 01:20:50 pm**

lol i know(i think) where i went wrong.. i kept the {}

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **November 25, 2009, 05:31:39 pm**

Decided to drop ASCIIDraw and try out a different medium. On hiatus while I figure it out.

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **scuba** on **November 25, 2009, 07:24:38 pm**

alright

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Keita** on **November 26, 2009, 05:01:13 am**

dat's cool bro

Title: **Re: When the Carp Cry : Definition of the Perpetual Witch**
Post by: **Katsuun** on **November 26, 2009, 10:02:49 am**

Bah. I give up. Locking.